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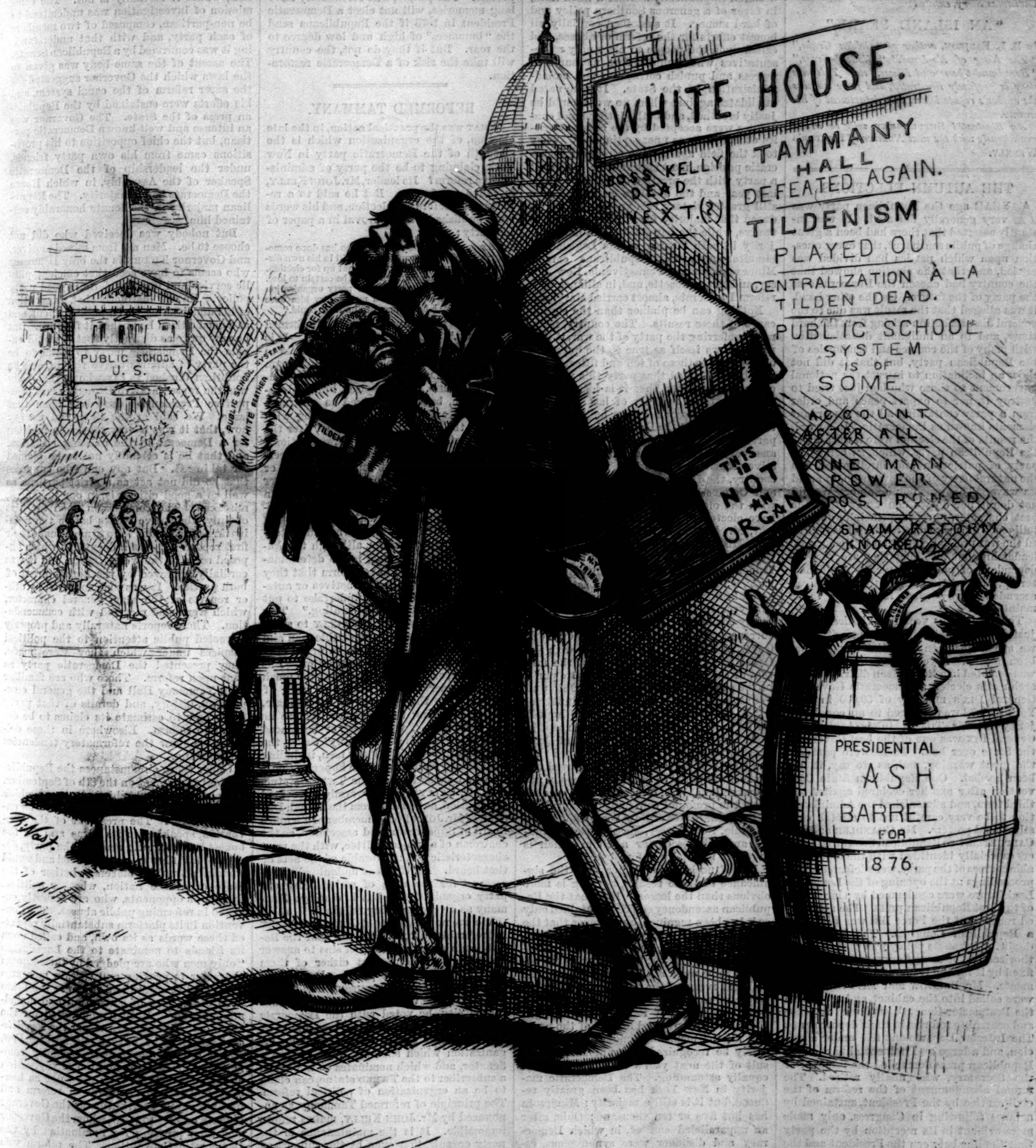
WHITE HOUSE.
BOSS KELLY DEAD.
NEXT.(?)
TAMMANY HALL DEFEATED AGAIN.
TILDENISM PLAYED OUT.
CENTRALIZATION À LA TILDEN DEAD.
PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM IS OF SOME ACCOUNT AFTER ALL
ONE MAN POWER POSTPONED
SHAM REFORM KNOCKED
PUBLIC SCHOOL U. S.
REFORM
PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM
WHITE FEATHER
TILDEN
THIS IS NOT AN ORGAN
N.Y. TRIBUNE
ALLEN
PRESIDENTIAL ASH BARREL FOR 1876.
Th. Nast

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN!"

W. R. "The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."—SHAKSPEARE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

FARJEON'S NEW CHRISTMAS STORY.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the opening chapters of a new Christmas Story, entitled*

"AN ISLAND PEARL,"

by B. L. FARJEON, *author of* "*Golden Grain,*" "*The King of No-Land,*" "*Blade-o'-Grass,*" "*Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses,*" *etc. This new story is profusely illustrated, and fully sustains the author's reputation in this department of literature.*

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

A YEAR ago the Republican party was very generally defeated. It was instantly asserted that there had been a great change of public sentiment, that every question upon which parties had divided was settled, and that the election showed that the country had chosen the Democratic as the party of the future. On the other hand, it was alleged that the result was due to the general dissatisfaction arising from the hard times, and to an indignant dissatisfaction with many of the courses and tendencies of the Republican party, but that it did not show an inclination to intrust the national government to those who had just tried to destroy it, nor to expect peace and order from a party containing all the discordant elements known as Democratic. In a word, the results of the election were a warning to the Republican party, which, as being the party of patriotism and intelligence, was the natural party of the new epoch, to mend its ways. That was our opinion. We did not doubt, nor do we doubt now, that the best character, purpose, principle, and intelligence of the generation that has followed the war prefer Republican to Democratic leadership, but also that they are very independent of party organization and hectoring, and will maintain the Republican ascendency only when it deserves to be maintained.

The result this year has vindicated the justice of that opinion. The class of which we speak has seen that the warning has been heeded. A year ago General BUTLER was defeated in a Republican district. Massachusetts elected a Democratic Governor. General DIX's majority of 50,000 in New York in 1872 was changed to an equal majority for Mr. TILDEN in 1874, although General DIX was one of the best Governors the State ever had. These were parts of the great warning, and, as we say, it has been heeded. One Republican State Convention after another declared against the third term, and admonished the Administration to be very careful not to stretch constitutional powers. Mr. CHANDLER and Mr. CARPENTER, two Republican Senatorial leaders especially identified with the objectionable courses of the party, were defeated. The proceedings at the opening of the Louisiana Legislature were condemned by a large part of the best Republican press. The attempted renewal of the Force Bill was baffled in a Republican Congress. The President's doubtful Arkansas policy was utterly unauthorized by the same Congress. A date was fixed by it for the resumption of specie payments. Mr. BRISTOW and Mr. PIERREPONT were called into the cabinet, and they, with the Postmaster-General, instituted rigorous and searching reforms in their departments. The Interior Department fell under suspicion, and a large and influential part of the Republican press demanded the removal of the Secretary, who finally retired. The formal abandonment of the reform of the civil service by the President, sustained by a large following in Congress, only made more evident in its reception by the party that the line between the President and the party was more deeply drawn; and it was constantly apparent that the Republican party could not be justly judged by many of the acts of the Executive, which certainly did not represent the sentiment which was seen to be coming into control of the party.

This party movement was illustrated in New York. It was considered to be one of the strongest GRANT States. But there was and is profound Republican dissatisfaction with the party management. The "organization" was in the hands of certain gentlemen known as the Custom-house, and Senator CONKLING was its head. In the Convention of 1874 this leadership prevented a declaration against the third term, made the "new rebellion" in the South the chief issue, depended for success wholly upon party discipline and spirit, predicted a great majority, and was defeated at the polls by what was equal to a change of a hundred thousand votes. A more signal political reverse was never known. It was a trenchant and unmistakable indication of the impatience of the party under that control. This year the Convention met without a master or a slate. Senator CONKLING was not there, and "the Custom-house" was certainly not dictatorial. The platform declared emphatically against a third term, in favor of a generous Southern policy and of hard money. It sustained cordially all honest efforts for the reform of abuses, and called upon the people to elect only representatives who would secure measures to repress and punish corruption and maladministration in the State. It nominated candidates against whom no word could be justly breathed, and both platform and candidates were accepted by the harshest critics of the party as unexceptionable. They took the field against the strongest Democratic position, most shrewdly held, against a party with the prestige of a great victory last year and the absolute confidence of a still greater victory this year, and they reduced that majority from fifty thousand to twelve, while the party secured a large majority in both Houses of the Legislature. Simultaneously the Republicans carried Minnesota, Kansas, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, and, in alliance with reform Democrats, almost carried Maryland.

Nothing can be plainer than the significance of these results. The country, naturally preferring the party of the war, if that party shows itself as true to the questions of to-day as to those of ten and fifteen years ago, has sustained that party this year because it has shown that it is learning the meaning of the reverses of last year, and also because it sees the utter hollowness of the pretense that the Democratic is the only party of reform. For while the Republicans every where have generally shown themselves sensitive to the best feeling of the country, the Democrats in New Hampshire and Connecticut have been chiefly busy with the old plunder of patronage. They have elected to the Senate, from Connecticut, Mr. EATON, a Northern secessionist; from Missouri, in the place of Mr. SCHURZ, General COCKRELL, known only as a rebel ranger; and from Pennsylvania, Mr. WALLACE, a mere local partisan. Last year in several States they whispered inflation, but this year in Ohio and Pennsylvania they boldly demanded rag money as the national currency. Yet merely because in New York Governor TILDEN was waging war with the Canal Ring, and contemptuous of the fact that at the same time the Democratic party in the other two great States of Ohio and Pennsylvania was fighting for inflation, while Governor TILDEN "heartily hoped" for its success, and that nowhere except in New York was there the least sign of Democratic reform, it was solemnly argued that the efforts of Governor TILDEN proved the Democratic party to be the sole hope of national reform. The elections of the autumn show the profound contempt of the people of the great States of New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Kansas, and Minnesota for a claim which is shown to be totally unfounded.

But if nothing is plainer than the significance of these results, nothing is more obvious than the lesson. It is that the Republican ascendency can be maintained only as it has been regained, by evidence that the party is controlled by those who demand honest, economical, and constitutional administration, and not by those who are believed to be mere selfish partisans. If the political events of the autumn should be interpreted as an approval of all that was last year condemned, if it should be thought that all the discredited leaders of the party and all the menacing tendencies may now safely be recognized and pursued, the result of the next year's elections would be equally astounding. The Democratic majority in New York has been greatly reduced, but it is still a majority; Minnesota has but five or ten thousand; Ohio, after an unparalleled contest, in which Democracy and dishonor were synonymous, escaped by five thousand only; Pennsylvania has fifteen thousand; but Massachusetts, where the Republicans could count upon forty or fifty thousand, has little more than five or six thousand for an unexceptionable candidate. These figures show how few votes would turn the scale; and these votes would be instantly lost to the Republicans if the resolution plainly shown in the last year to make the party deserve the confidence of the best men in the country should be relaxed or changed. The autumn elections show what was not evident six and seven months ago, that the Republicans can elect the next President. But they can not do it merely by nominating a candidate who has been known as a Republican, nor by simply trusting to the party machinery. They can do it certainly by nominating a man who is himself a platform, and whose candidature would be in itself the proof that the highest and most patriotic spirit in the party controlled its councils. We agree with the New York *Times* that there must be new men named—men, that is to say, who are not associated and identified with those things that defeated the party last year, and which have alienated so many thousands of its old supporters. The people, who fortunately have long memories, will not elect a Democratic President in 1876 if the Republicans send the "bummers" of high and low degree to the rear. But if they do not, the country will take the risk of a Democratic restoration.

REFORMED TAMMANY.

WHAT was the practical action, in the late election, of the organization which is the strength of the Democratic party in New York, claiming to be the party of administrative reform? Its leader, Mr. JOHN KELLY, is called a reformer. But he said to a reporter just before the election, and his words were published with approval in a paper of his party:

> "Suppose a man of our party who has done something wrong, but is strong enough still in his own district to be elected in spite of us, is put up for election. If we name another man, we would be certain to lose. For the sake of maintaining our party organization we would have to let such a man in, try him once more, and make a better man of him if we could."

This is the principle of a "reformed Tammany." It is exactly *not* reform. It is precisely the practice that reform seeks to destroy. It is precisely the principle upon which Mr. TILDEN acted during the supremacy of TWEED. He despised him and opposed him, but he remained as chairman of the State Committee, co-operating with TWEED, the dictator of Tammany, "for the sake of maintaining our party organization." It may be good partisanship, but it is certainly not political reform. Mr. KELLY, or Tammany Hall, conceding that Mr. HACKETT was "in the main an honorable man and a just judge," refused to renominate him because he was "stained with the corruption of the TWEED Ring." That was undoubtedly in the spirit of reform, although the *Nation* announces that such is the determination of the people to have reform that they will not inquire "into the motives or antecedents of men who will undertake to put an end to cheating and stealing." This should have persuaded Mr. KELLY to spare one whom he called "an honorable man and a just judge," against whom he urged only an antecedent of TWEED association. But Mr. KELLY, or Tammany Hall, was too much of a reformer to bear even the smell of TWEED upon the garment of a candidate, and so, rejecting the Recorder because he had been with TWEED, they, or he, placed upon the "reformed Tammany" ticket the names of fifteen of TWEED's men, including a candidate for Judge of the Superior Court who had subscribed to the TWEED statue. And Mr. KELLY himself warmly advocated the election, as Senator from the Fourth District, of Mr. JOHN FOX, a member of TWEED's Board of Supervisors, and associated, as the chairman of a sub-committee, with the most characteristic and memorable of the acts of that board. All this was undoubtedly necessary "for the sake of maintaining our party organization;" but it displays Tammany as a very drooping reformer.

We are not saying that JOHN MORRISSEY is preferable to JOHN FOX, nor that the Republicans have not plenty of sins to answer for. It is shameful that either of them should be a political power. But in the late election JOHN MORRISSEY divided his honors. If he voted with the Republicans in the city, he voted with the Democrats in the State. Let us clear our minds of cant. We are simply denying that an organization which sustains JOHN FOX as a Senator, and which nominates to the bench a subscriber to the TWEED statue, can claim to be an organization of political reform. The principle of reformed Tammany, as announced by Mr. JOHN KELLY, makes reform impossible. It is the maintenance of the party organization even by the support of candidates whom it acknowledges to be "bad." This is, we repeat, the very practice at which reform strikes. For the argument covers all kinds of candidates and policies, and makes party success the sole object of political action. The defeat of those who urge such an argument and follow its results into practice is not a defeat of reform, but of a false pretension of reform.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS AND CANAL REFORM.

ON the morning of the late election the Springfield *Republican*, which had said a month before that whether Mr. SEWARD and Mr. SPINNER or Mr. BIGELOW and Mr. ROBINSON were elected, the State would be sure of being ably and honestly served, stated that "the success of this Republican ticket to-day, or even its near approach to success, will be the hardest blow reform has received in this generation." This is a very strong statement. Let us see how true it is. Governor TILDEN sent to the Legislature a trenchant message upon the canal frauds, and asked for a commission of inquiry. He did not make it a partisan question, which it certainly is not. The commission of investigation was understood to be non-partisan, composed of two members of each party, and with that understanding it was confirmed by a Republican Senate. The assent of the same body was given to the laws which the Governor suggested for the surer reform of the canal system, and his efforts were sustained by the Republican press of the State. The Governor was an intense and well-known Democratic partisan, but the chief opposition to his propositions came from his own party friends, under the leadership of the Democratic Speaker of the Assembly, in which House the Democrats had a majority. The Republican majority in the Senate honorably sustained him.

But nobody was deceived who did not choose to be. Men act from mixed motives, and Governor TILDEN is the only Democrat who seems to have seen that efficient public service and honest reform is good party policy. He saw distinctly that prosecution of his undertaking was a public benefit, and as a good citizen he pushed it forward. But he saw quite as distinctly that it would enable the Democratic party to claim to be the party of administrative reform, and he doubtless blushed to say who in that view was the representative Democrat and prospective Presidential candidate upon that issue. We said at the time, and we say now, that it was a very sagacious position for a Democrat in the existing situation, and that he is certainly not to be blamed for taking it. But any one who supposes that he did not act as a strict partisan as well as a good citizen is, in our judgment, mistaken. The commission upon the 31st of July, about five weeks before the nominating conventions were to meet, made their first report. It was a document which exposed some of the worst frauds, and it was cordially approved by the honest press of both parties. It was soon followed by other reports of the same general character, which were also received with commendation. These reports naturally and properly attracted public attention to the political auspices under which they were made. They presented the Democratic party as bent upon reform. Those who are familiar with Tammany Hall and the general composition, history, and details of that party know how to estimate its claims to be devoted to reform. Elsewhere in these columns we show the reformatory tendencies of Tammany.

Under these circumstances the Republican Convention met on the 8th of September. The element of leadership in the party which is supposed to be hostile to reform was entirely passive. The president of the Convention, speaking in its name and for the honest and patriotic mass of the party, declared that it heartily commended and would sustain all public officers, whether of the State or of the nation, whether political friends or opponents, who are honestly engaged in reforming public abuses. The Convention in its platform substantially repeated these words as its own, and called upon its friends to nominate to the Legislature "only men who are pledged by their known character to provide and sustain measures calculated to secure and preserve the State from every form of corruption and maladministration." It then nominated for the State offices candidates whom the *Republican* itself, and the *Tribune* and *Evening Post*, which are TILDEN papers, cordially commended. There was no kind of suggestion or insinuation that they were not as honestly and heartily in favor of reform and resolute against corruption as the Governor himself, or Mr. BIGELOW, whom the Governor was then pressing for nomination by the Democratic Convention. The reform was begun as non-partisan. The commission was appointed as such. The movement had been earnestly sustained by Republican papers. The Republican Convention, discarding doubtful influences, had declared for it unreservedly, and had nominated candidates pledged by the platform to faithful co-operation. How could their election be regarded as the "hardest blow reform has received in this generation?" Governor Tilden in his Buffalo speeches asked only for an honest Legislature, regardless of party. His organ in Albany repeated his sentiments as its own. Yet gradually, as the canvass proceeded, we were told that it was necessary to send Democrats to sustain the Governor's reform. And meanwhile two of the four non-partisan commission became partisan candidates in the election, and one of the other two became the chairman of the partisan committee. Why was this? The object was plain. The party aspect of the reform was in the ascendant. Republican co-operation was not desired. The non-partisan character disappeared. The purpose was to appropriate absolutely to the Democratic party the glory of the canal reform by taking care that it should be achieved by Democrats only, and that upon the platform of a conspicuous career in New York Governor Tilden should be the Presidential candidate of his party as the friends of administrative reform.

The Republican position throughout the canvass was that the canal reform, which is a great public necessity, should not be made merely an aid to Democratic success next year, but should be honestly accomplished, as it was begun, as a non-partisan work, and to that end the party had faithfully pledged itself, and still stands pledged. Having cordially co-operated from the first, passing the laws recommended, confirming the Governor's non-partisan commission, declaring unreservedly in its Convention for the reform, and pledging its candidates, what more could the Republicans have done except disband their organization and follow Mr. Bigelow into the Democratic camp? To say that to refuse to do this was to wound reform fatally, is absurd. Is it supposed that Mr. Seward and Mr. Spinner and Mr. Danforth and General Merritt would have connived at canal frauds because Jarvis Lord and the Canal Ring may have voted for them? Are Mr. Bigelow and his associates to be suspected of collusion with gamblers because they were elected by the votes of John Morrissey and the slums of the city? Are Mr. Seward and his associates probably less sensitive to the partisan necessity of inflexibly honest administration than their competitors who have been elected? Or are they any more bent upon Republican advantage than Governor Tilden and his commission—as the event shows—upon Democratic? That commission has lost half its moral weight by becoming strictly partisan, as is shown by its eighth report, published just before the election. It accuses two high Republican officers in the State of corruption, and it is signed by four persons, two of whom were Democratic candidates, and necessarily directly interested in discrediting Republican officers, and the third was the chairman of the Democratic committee conducting a campaign against the Republicans. If the Republican Senate had refused to pass the reform bills and to confirm the commission, if the Republican Convention had sneered at the canal reform, if the Republican press had echoed the sneer, if the Republican candidates had been tools of the Ring or doubtful and dishonest men, if, with all this, the reform had not been identified with mere partisan feeling and purposes, it might have been said with some reason that a defeat of the Democratic ticket would have been a hard blow at reform. But as it is, it is not the Republicans of New York, nor the pledges they have made, nor the candidates they have nominated, nor the great vote that they have received, but Governor Tilden and Democratic counsels, which have thrown discredit upon the movement for canal reform.

BALANCING THE BOOKS.

In a letter to the New York *World* Mr. George Ticknor Curtis sets forth the claims of the Democratic party to popular confidence, and he devotes much space to the assertion that it would restore a correct interpretation of the Constitution. Yet it is a fact that the attempt to overthrow the government established by the Constitution was made by Democratic leaders, and that they sought the justification of their movement in the Democratic doctrine of State sovereignty and the Democratic theory of the national Union as a mere confederation of States. "What that Constitution is in its essential nature," says Mr. Curtis, ..."has been settled by a civil war." But during that civil war Mr. Curtis himself, Mr. Tilden, Mr. Seymour, who are still Democratic leaders, did all that they possibly could, under the plea of resisting violations of the Constitution, to secure its destruction by the success of the rebellion. During the progress of the great contest all these leaders wrote and spoke for the public, but always, as in Mr. Seymour's speech just before the riots in New York, in a tone so captious, critical, and hostile that the rejoicing enemy was re-enforced. During the war for the maintenance of the government established by the Constitution, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Tilden, and Mr. Seymour neither wrote nor spoke nor threw any influence heartily, enthusiastically, and unreservedly for the Union. Throughout they were regarded by the enemy as his friends and allies; and if their influence had prevailed, the constitutional government of the Union would have been overthrown.

The political history of that struggle is familiar. The conduct of the present Democratic leaders during its progress is well known. They gave Mr. Lincoln their views of "a sound interpretation and a normal administration of the Federal Constitution." Mr. G. T. Curtis, Mr. Tilden, Mr. Belmont, Mr. S. F. B. Morse, and other Democrats formed in February, 1863, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Political Knowledge, and they published pamphlets decrying the "usurpation" of Mr. Lincoln, and showing the blessings of slavery and the failure of emancipation, and in every way, short of making an appeal to arms, giving aid and comfort to those who were engaged in attacking the government. They showed their friendship for the Constitution by denouncing the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, the Proclamation of Emancipation, and every vigorous measure of defense as unconstitutional. If the people of the United States think that what is known as the "Copperhead" interpretation of the Constitution was correct, they will naturally turn to its expounders for "a sound interpretation" hereafter: but not otherwise.

Mr. G. T. Curtis alludes to the irredeemable paper policy of the war as a Republican wrong from which the Democratic party will deliver the country. What are the facts? While Mr. Curtis was writing his letter the Democratic party was struggling to carry Pennsylvania for inflation, and a short time before it had been defeated in Ohio by less than six thousand majority in an enormous vote. And in the face of such conclusive facts, of the undeniable truth that in the late elections the sole champion of inflation was the Democratic party, Mr. Curtis invites us to believe that the constitutional financial views of that party are the ark of safety. But in politics it is the practice that is important; and when the country sees the Democratic party to-day insisting in two great States upon rag money as the true national currency, it will not be persuaded to trust that party with the government because Jackson and Benton were hard-money Democrats.

In the third place, Mr. Curtis asserts that the Democratic party will withdraw from the Southern States all improper interference of the Federal government, and he arraigns the Republican party for a prostitution of patronage in those States to party ends. We do not excuse the Republicans for that prostitution. But no intelligent man in the country doubts that a Democratic Administration would prostitute its patronage to party ends quite as much as the Republicans have done. Has that party any where ever shown the slightest disposition to do otherwise? Here in the city of New York, in the late election, as two principals of grammar schools testify, the Democratic General Committee actually assessed public-school teachers for the party election expenses, and in such assessments there is always an implied threat. The difference in the Southern States would be that where the national patronage is now abused for the advantage of the Republican party, in the event of its defeat next year it would be abused for the benefit of the Democratic party. If by improper interference Mr. Curtis means the suppression of the Ku-Klux by the national power, the country would certainly sustain the Republican action. If he means such proceedings as those of General Sheridan in New Orleans last winter, they were promptly disowned and condemned by the best voice of the Republican press and by the resolutions of Republican State Conventions. Emancipation and civil equality, Mr. Curtis says, have been accepted every where as fixed facts. But it is unquestionable that every Ku-Klux ruffian who hates the colored race, all the holders of Southern war claims, all the advocates of national assumption of the State debts of the Confederacy, all the disturbing elements which are quieted by the mere fact of Republican ascendency, would instantly spring into hope and activity with Republican defeat. Every man who still hates the Union would rejoice; and to represent the Democratic party, with its leaders and organization of eight and ten and twelve years ago unchanged, as distinctively the party of the Union, of the Constitution, of political reform, of sound financial views, is as useless and foolish as to depict it as the distinctive party of liberty, justice, equal rights, intelligence, industry, and the unsectarian school. If the Republican party under its present leaders has forfeited public confidence, the Democratic party under its present leaders has done nothing to deserve it. If, indeed, as Mr. Evarts said, our politics have come to be a race of which the interest is to know whether a horse with one lame leg can beat a horse with two lame legs, it is a deplorable fact. But it is absurd as well as deplorable to insist that the doubly lame animal is the sounder horse.

THOMAS A. JENCKES.

Thomas A. Jenckes, who died on the 4th of November, was one of the most eminent citizens of Rhode Island, and had done good service for the country. He was early distinguished as a lawyer in patent cases, and upon going to Congress in 1863 he was made chairman of the committee on patents and of the special committee on bankrupt law. The present bankruptcy system of the country is largely due to his intelligence and activity. But his especial distinction is in connection with the movement for the reform of the civil service. He saw that the point at which political reform was most practicable was in the system of minor official appointments, and he devoted himself to a thorough study of the subject. He opened a correspondence with Sir Charles Trevelyan and the other leaders of the reform in Great Britain; and in many and admirable speeches and reports in Congress and elsewhere he introduced the subject to general attention in this country. In Congress he had virtually no support. Both parties sneered, and the Republican Mr. Logan and the Democrat Judge Woodward were especially warm in their denunciation of the reform. But Mr. Jenckes was incomparably their master in the debate; and with unflagging tenacity he urged his point until, in the very last minutes of the last session of the Forty-first Congress, the last in which he served, the amendment to the appropriation bill drawn by him, under which the Civil Service Commission was appointed, was introduced by Mr. Trumbull in the Senate, and passed both Houses.

In the work of the commission Mr. Jenckes, although ill and withdrawn from the public service, was profoundly interested, and he prepared an admirable paper upon the constitutional power of Congress to adopt a proper system, which was submitted to Attorney-General Akerman when he was writing his opinion upon the subject. For the last two years Mr. Jenckes has been so ill that his death might have been expected at any moment. When it came he was but fifty-seven years old. His name will always be most honorably associated with the reform of which he may properly be called the father—a reform without which all efforts to withstand the gross corruption of politics will be merely spasmodic and ineffectual.

PERSONAL.

Colonel F. A. Mathews, United States consul-general at Tangier, is a gentleman of spunk, and careth little for the potentate of Morocco. The new Pasha of Tangier is an old man who has never before been brought into contact with Christians. Recently he took occasion to appropriate some camels belonging to citizens of different Christian nations. The Italian consul got two restored to an Italian. The British and American consuls were refused, the pasha remarking, "You consuls are like so many monkeys! what one does, all the rest must do." Colonel Mathews at once sent word to Mohammed Bargash, the Sultan's Minister for Foreign Affairs, informing him that if the pasha did not come personally to the United States consulate by twelve o'clock that day and make a full apology, he (Colonel Mathews) should haul down his flag and cross over to Gibraltar, there to await the orders of his government. In reply the minister begged for an extension of the time to three P.M., as the day was Friday—the Mussulman Sabbath—and the pasha was due at the mosque at twelve. Colonel Mathews granted this extension, and at three o'clock the pasha and the Minister for Foreign Affairs arrived in state, with a numerous retinue. Colonel Mathews received them seated, and, when the pasha had fully apologized for the expressions of which he had been guilty, rose and shook hands with his contrite visitors. The rejoicings and congratulations in Tangier were loud, as the pasha, in order, we suppose, to avoid any further complications, immediately afterward released all the camels he had attached.

—The Khedive is a very good man, in his way, especially the way he makes up his cabinet. His eldest son is Prime Minister, his second son Minister of Public Instruction, and all the other ministries are confided to his sons-in-law.

—Michael Angelo's method of working is thus described by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*: "Through his impatience and enthusiasm, Michael Angelo ruined block after block of marble by working with too great vehemence near the surface. Too eager to arrive at a point where his true genius would find play, he assailed the marble with such violence that he often struck off pieces which trenched into the just limits of the surface; and, as they could not be replaced, he was forced to finish as he could, not as he would. Had he confined himself more to elaborating his work in clay, and then intrusted the blocking out in marble to a mechanical workman, we should have had not only a much larger number of grand works by him, but they would have been freer of great defects. For instance, the back of the head of 'Moses' has been chiseled away until it is an impossible head. Again, the 'David' is sacrificed to the exigencies of the marble. And the head of his famous 'Day' was probably left unfinished because he perceived that it was turned beyond the limit permitted to nature without breaking the neck."

—Bannister Bond, of West Grove, Iowa, is a lively old gentleman one hundred and two years old, who goes into politics with the ardor of a "Boss," and dropped in his little ballot at the last election as though the fate of Iowa depended upon it.

—Mr. William Tilden Blodgett, who died in this city on the 4th inst., was one of the most widely known and highly esteemed of the business men of New York. For five-and-twenty years he had maintained a position of prominence not only in commercial circles, but in organizations for benevolent purposes, especially those whose object was the elevation of the public taste in matters of art, and bringing its practical benefits within the reach of all. From the commencement of his career he had been known throughout the country as one of the truest and most helpful friends of artists, especially those commencing the struggle for reputation, and one of the most liberal of their patrons. He was a gentleman in the highest and best sense of the term—intelligent, cultivated, courteous, generous, possessed of the soundest judgment and an integrity that was spotless. The death of such a man is a great public loss.

—The Bigelow autobiography of Franklin is gradually making its way in Europe. The publisher, Engelman, of Berlin, is preparing a reprint, to appear early in 1876, and Auerbach, of Stuttgart, a son, we believe, of the poet-novelist, has announced a translation of the work to appear without delay. The *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, one of the highest critical authorities in Berlin, concludes an extended review of this work as follows: "The Bigelow-Franklin book should be reproduced in English and in German, and regarded here, as in America, as an excellent household book, which brings the world nearer to every individual."

—Mr. Abernethy is talked of for president of the University of Chicago. He graduated from the university thirteen years ago, and is now superintendent of the public schools of Iowa.

—Among recent English "personals" we notice that "Peasant Boy," a greyhound belonging to a Mr. Hemming, was sold a few days ago at auction for $675, which, as dogs go, is considered a fair figure.

—Ex-Governor Vance, of North Carolina, was in Nashville recently, and called on Mrs. Polk. During the conversation she asked the ex-Governor where he at present resided in North Carolina. "Charlotte," was the response. "Were you born in Mecklenburg County?" "No, madam; in a county which you have doubtless seldom heard mentioned—the county of Buncombe." "Ah, Sir, that, then, probably accounts for your Buncombe speeches," she laughingly responded.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

State elections were held on the 2d inst. in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Mississippi, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Kansas, with the following results: In New York the Democrats elected Mr. John Bigelow Secretary of State by about 16,000 majority. In the cities of New York and Brooklyn the Ring candidates were utterly routed. In this city the whole anti-Tammany ticket was elected. Recorder Hackett and District Attorney Phelps were re-elected by over 26,000 majority, Gildersleeve was chosen Judge of the Court of General Sessions by over 27,000, and Van Schaick by more than 18,000 majority. John Morrissey defeated John Fox in the Fourth Senatorial District by 3370 votes. Ex-Comptroller Schroeder, the anti-Ring candidate, was elected Mayor of Brooklyn by about 1300 majority. Mr. L. Bradford Prince was returned to the Senate by a majority of 1050 votes. The Legislature is Republican by a majority of 28 on the joint ballot.

In New Jersey the election was for eight Senators and a House of Assembly. The Republicans elected 5 Senators out of 8, and 36 members of the House out of 60.

Massachusetts elected Mr. Rice (Republican) Governor by a plurality of about 5000. The Republicans also carried the Legislature by 172 members out of 229, with nine districts to hear from.

Governor Hartranft was re-elected in Pennsylvania by about 15,000 majority.

Minnesota was carried by the Republicans by about 10,000 majority. The Legislature is very close.

The Kansas returns from 89 out of 103 Legislative districts show 58 straight Republicans and 31 opposition, the latter including Democrats, Independents, and Reformers.

Wisconsin is in doubt, but it is claimed the Republicans elected their Governor by about 1500 majority. The Republicans have 5 majority in the Senate and 6 in the Assembly.

Maryland, as was expected, went strongly Democratic, Carroll being chosen Governor by from 8000 to 10,000 majority.

The Democrats also carried Mississippi by about 10,000, with a majority of both State Houses, and probably all but one of the Congressmen, United States Attorney Wells, the Republican candidate, who was elected by a majority of 9000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 3d inst., in a special telegram from Berlin, says that the Northern powers have invited Austria, as the one most interested, to frame a proposition for the guarantees to be demanded and the control to be exercised to insure the performance of the Sultan's promises of reform to the insurgents in his vassal states. Count Andrassy is now preparing such a proposition. It is believed that the Sublime Porte will be unable to suppress the rebellion, and that the great powers will sanction the intervention of Austria next spring.

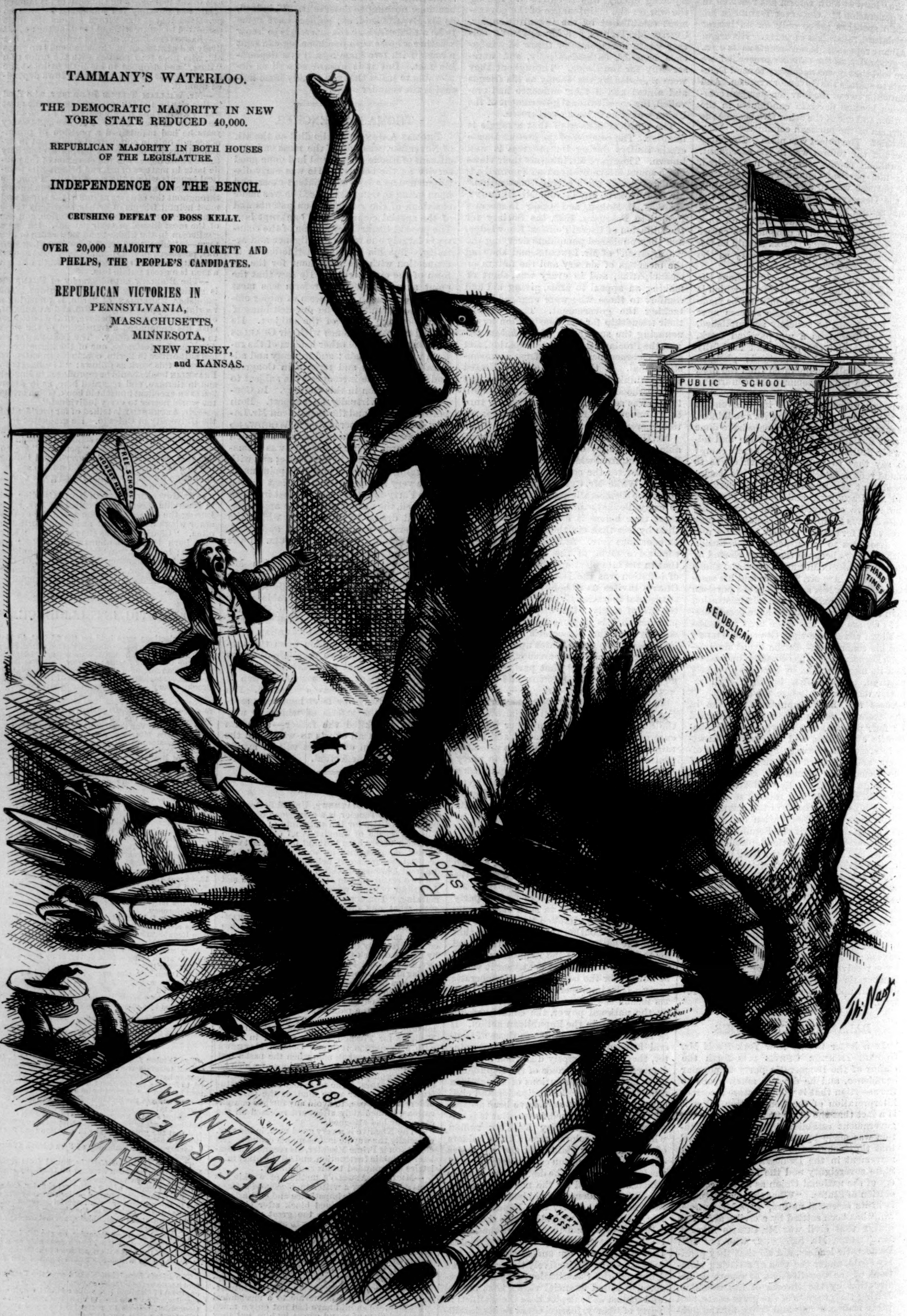
Lycurgos, the Archbishop of Syra (Greek Church), is dead.

The ship *Catharine Griffiths*, bound from Sunderland for Rio, has been wrecked on the Scilly Islands. Eight of her crew were drowned.

Several members of the cathedral chapter, Cologne, Germany, have given formal notice that they will submit to the authority of the imperial government. It is stated that a majority of the chapter refused to indorse a protest of the archbishop against his expulsion from his palace.

The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, on the 5th inst., was elected President of the French Assembly by a combination of the Left with a portion of the Right. This is regarded as a demonstration against the Bonapartists.

The *Diario Español* of Madrid says the Vatican has sent a note to the Spanish government which expresses approval of Cardinal Simeoni's conduct regarding the circular. The note insists upon the execution of the Concordat, refuses to recognize the royal *placet*, attributes the civil war to religious tolerance, and demands that the Bishop of Seo de Urgel be tried by ecclesiastical judges and not by an ordinary tribunal.


TAMMANY'S WATERLOO.
THE DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY IN NEW YORK STATE REDUCED 40,000.
REPUBLICAN MAJORITY IN BOTH HOUSES OF THE LEGISLATURE.
INDEPENDENCE ON THE BENCH.
CRUSHING DEFEAT OF BOSS KELLY.
OVER 20,000 MAJORITY FOR HACKETT AND PHELPS, THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATES.
REPUBLICAN VICTORIES IN PENNSYLVANIA, MASSACHUSETTS, MINNESOTA, NEW JERSEY, and KANSAS.
FREE SCHOOLS
HONEST MONEY
PUBLIC SCHOOL
REPUBLICAN VOTE
HARD TIMES
NEW TAMMANY HALL
REFORM SHOW
REFORMED TAMMANY HALL
1875
TAMMANY
HALL
NEXT BOSS
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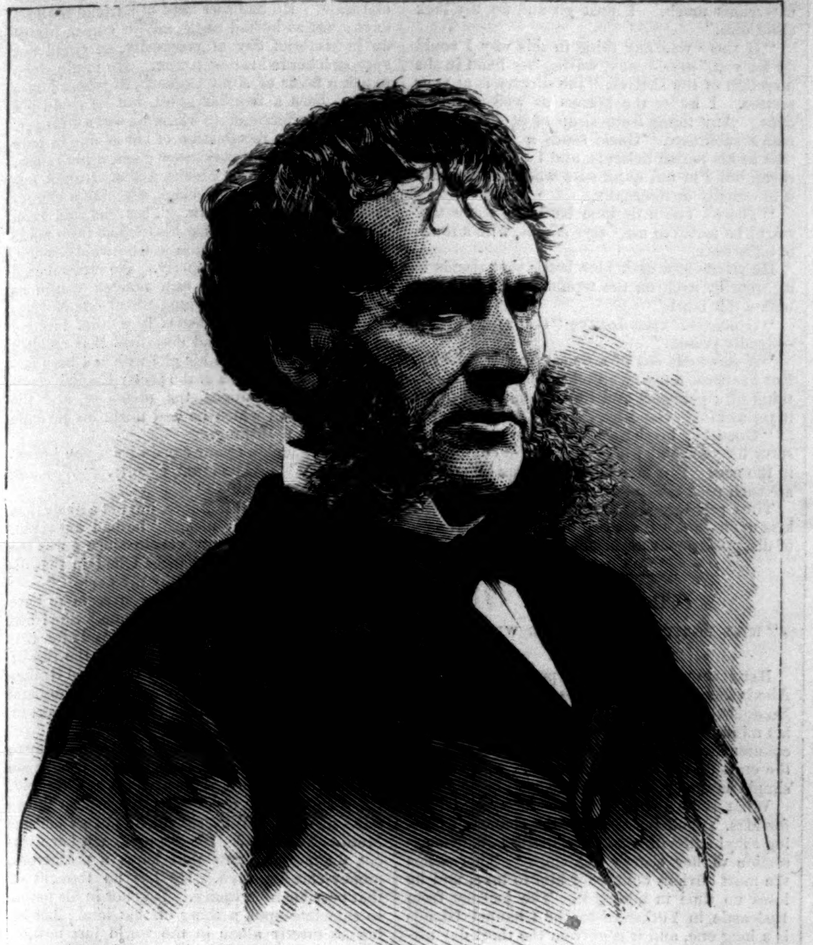
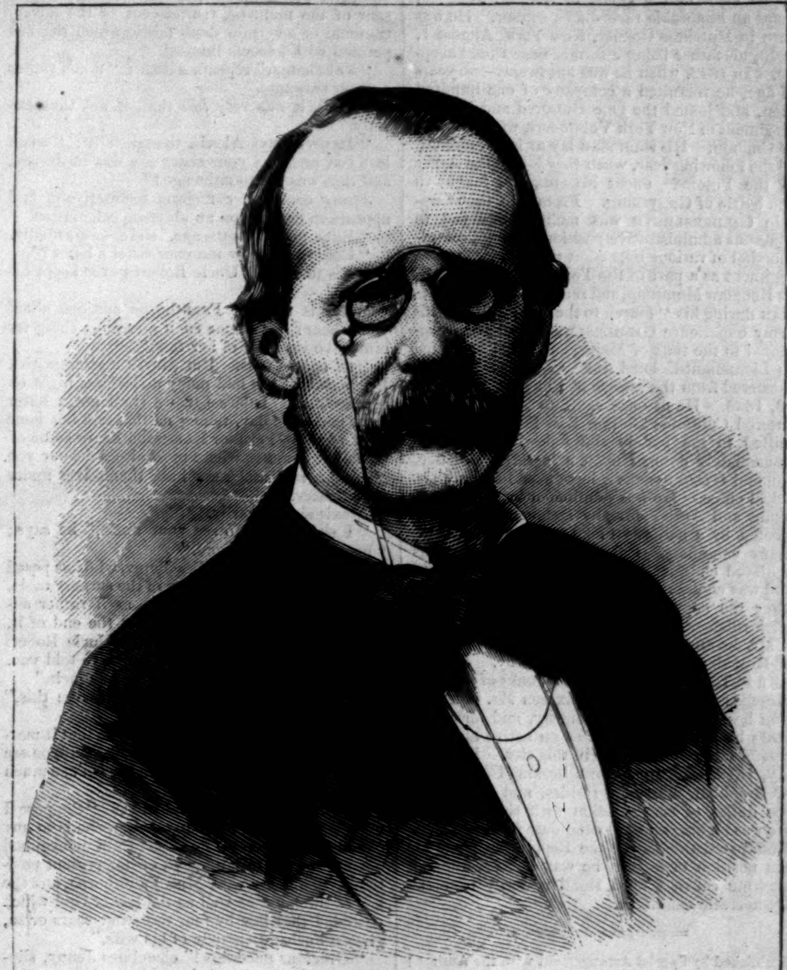
TAMMANY DOWN AGAIN—THE "REFORM" TRAP SMASHED.



THE HON. JOHN BIGELOW.—[From a Photograph by R. E. Churchill, Albany.]



STEPHEN D. VAN SCHAICK.—[From a Photograph by Sarony.]

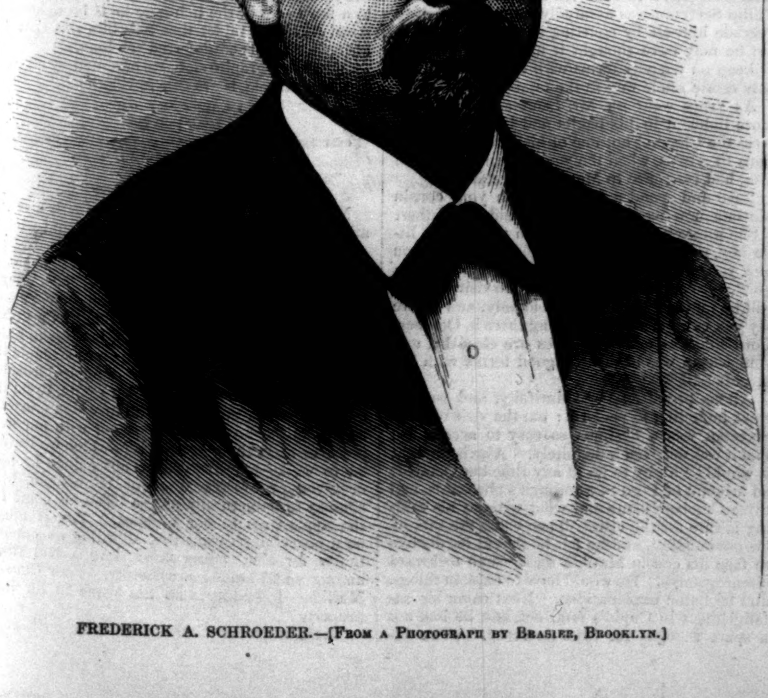
THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

We give on this page the portraits of several of the successful candidates in the recent elections, referring the reader for a full summary of the returns to the news column on page 939.

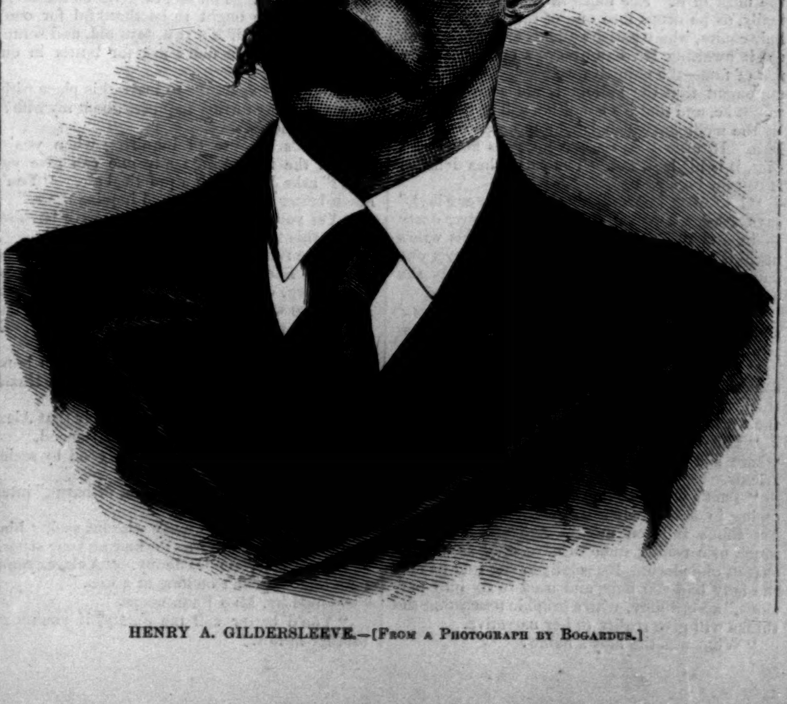
The Hon. **John Bigelow**, Secretary of State elect, has been for many years in public life. He was born in Malden, Ulster County, New York, November 25, 1817. He graduated at Union College in the class of '35, studied law with **Robert Sedgwick**, and was admitted to the New York bar just after completing his majority. In 1845 Mr. **Bigelow** was appointed one of the three inspectors of the State-prison at Sing Sing, holding the office till the election of 1847 replaced the inspectors of each prison oy a board elected on a general ticket under the Constitution of 1846. In 1850 Mr. **Bigelow** became a partner of Mr. **Bryant** in the ownership of the *Evening Post*, with which journal he retained his connection until his appointment by President **Lincoln** to the post of consul at Paris. After three years' service in this position he was placed in charge of the ministry by Mr. **Dayton**'s death in December of 1864, first holding the position of chargé, and upon the assembling of the Thirty-eighth Congress he was confirmed as minister, a position he held till Governor **Dix**'s appointment to the same office in 1866 by President **Johnson**. On his return to this country Mr. **Bigelow** devoted his time principally to literary pursuits, and published a life of **Benjamin Franklin**, in which was embodied much new and original material. Soon after the death of Mr. **Henry J. Raymond**, Mr. **Bigelow** was called to the management of the New York *Times*, a position which he held but a short time. In April last he was appointed a member of the Canal Investigating Commission. He was nominated by the last Democratic State Convention for the position of Secretary of State, and was elected by a small majority over the Republican candidate, Mr. **Frederick W. Seward**.

Mr. **Stephen D. Van Schaick**, the Surrogate elect of the city and county of New York, comes from one of the oldest and best of our Knickerbocker families, and possesses every qualification for the proper discharge of the duties of that very important office. He is a native of this city, and for twenty years past has maintained an honorable position in the legal profession. Since 1870 he has discharged the manifold and important duties devolving upon the Deputy Surrogate, and by his promptness and familiarity with the details of the office, has won the respect of the bar and of those interested in the administration of estates. We probably express the opinion of the bar of New York when we say that it would have been difficult to select for the Surrogateship a gentleman of higher personal character, or one possessing greater professional aptitude and fitness, than Mr. **Van Schaick**.

Colonel **Henry Alger Gildersleeve**,



FREDERICK A. SCHROEDER.—[From a Photograph by Brasier, Brooklyn.]



HENRY A. GILDERSLEEVE.—[From a Photograph by Bogardus.]

Judge elect of the Court of General Sessions, bears an honorable record as a soldier. He was born in Dutchess County, New York, August 1, 1840, his father being a farmer near Poughkeepsie. In 1862, when he was but twenty-two years of age, he recruited a company of one hundred men, and joined the One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment of New York Volunteers, with the rank of Captain. His command lay at Baltimore until the following year, when they joined the Army of the Potomac, under Meade, and fought in the battle of Gettysburg. From that time Captain Gildersleeve was mainly employed in different administrative positions, being provost-marshal of various important posts, rejoining his regiment as a part of the Twentieth Army Corps at Kenesaw Mountain, and remaining with Sherman during his "march to the sea." During his army experience Gildersleeve had been promoted to the rank of Major, and again brevetted as Lieutenant-Colonel June 12, 1865. He was mustered from the service at Poughkeepsie June 12, 1865. He at once came to New York and entered Columbia College Law School, was admitted to the bar in the following year, and immediately entered upon a lucrative practice. Colonel Gildersleeve has never held any political office. He was nominated by the Republicans and Anti-Tammany Democrats, and was elected by a majority of 20,000 over the Tammany candidate. Colonel Gildersleeve has achieved considerable celebrity as a marksman, and was captain of the American team who bore away the honors in the recent match with the Irish riflemen.

Mr. Frederick A. Schroeder, Mayor elect of Brooklyn, is a native of Germany. He was born in 1833 in Treves, on the banks of the river Moselle. Since the age of sixteen Mr. Schroeder has resided in this country, and for many years he has been known as an active and successful tobacco merchant in this city. In January, 1872, Mr. Schroeder became Comptroller of Brooklyn, where he resides, and discharged the duties of that position with signal ability. He was an unsuccessful candidate for re-election. Nominated this fall by the Republican party for the position of Mayor, he was elected, after an exciting canvass, by a small majority over the Democratic candidate.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OFF THE SCENT.

"You're the very person I wanted to see," exclaims Alexis Secretan, as Jenny confronts him, her big round eyes staring their hardest; "I'm lucky in finding you in the way."

"Luckier than you know of," thinks Jenny. "Are you a patient?" she demands aloud. "If you are, uncle's out, and you can't have any medicine till after seven o'clock. Between seven and nine in the evening are his hours, or before nine in the morning."

"Nonsense, child. You must remember me, surely."

Jane Faunthorpe's face expresses a total blankness. She shakes her head stolidly.

"Perhaps I look a little more decent to-day than I did one winter afternoon two years and a half ago," says Alexis, with a laugh, "but I'm the man who spoke to you across the garden wall. Do you remember now?"

"I have a faint recollection," replies Jenny, with a languid hauteur which is fairly imitated from Sibyl. "Come into the surgery, young man, if you please."

Alexis laughs at the mode of address, and follows her down a step into that temple of the healing art.

Jenny enjoys the situation, and means to make the most of it. She looks at the stranger critically, as he drops into one of the frayed horse-hair chairs, where parish patients are accustomed to sit awaiting Dr. Faunthorpe's opinion as the fiat of fate—the opinion rarely going beyond the statement that the patient is not so well as he might be, and that his condition will be improved by the medicine which Dr. Faunthorpe will send him. If, after this, the patient goes home and dies, it is his look-out. The parish has done all it can for him.

"I want to know all about your sister Sibyl," says Alexis, looking round the shabby, dusty room, and thinking that this home of his wife's uncle is not much better than Mrs. Bonny's one pair front in Dixon Street, Chelsea. "Is she at home?"

Jane shakes her head dolefully, and heaves a sigh which would do credit to an actress of transpontine melodrama.

"I was in hopes you had come to tell us something about her," she says, "for it's a hard thing to have one's eldest sister wandering about the world, no one knows where."

"You mean to tell me that you don't know where she is at this present time?" exclaims Alexis.

"That's precisely the fact. She was governessing in Jersey when we heard from her last, but that's full ten months ago, and she's too much of a rolling stone to have staid as long as that in one place. Especially as she told us that the lady had red hair, and used to fly into passions," adds Jenny, with a graphic touch that she thinks will give reality to her narrative.

"What was the lady's name?"

"Mrs. Yokohama Gray," says Jenny, on the spur of the moment, reminiscent of the advertisement of a certain dress fabric which she has perused with keenest interest.

"Yokohama," repeats Alexis; "that's rather a queer surname."

"Well, it was very *like* that, if not that exactly."

"Jersey," says Alexis, thoughtfully; "when last you heard of your sister she was in Jersey, and that was ten months ago?"

Jenny counts her fingers, meditatively, and appears to enter upon an abstruse calculation.

"Exactly ten months ago," she answers finally.

"Could you show me your sister's letter?"

"It's torn up. Uncle Robert never keeps his letters."

"But is not Dr. Faunthorpe anxious about your sister? It seems such a strange thing for him to be ignorant of her fate."

"Of course it is. But Sibyl's a strange girl. Uncle Robert has had many a sleepless night on her account. I dare say we shall get a letter from her some day, telling us that she has gone with a lady to Peru, or Kamtschatka, or some of those hot climates where mosquitoes devour you all night, and alligators hide themselves under your bolster."

Alexis sighs wearily.

"I should like to see your uncle," he says; "he might tell me more."

"Not a bit of it," replies Jenny, who has posed herself gracefully on a corner of the surgery table, and swings her leg to and fro, as if rather admiring the shabby leather boot at the end of it, minus every alternate button. "Uncle Robert couldn't tell you a word more than I've told you. In fact, he mightn't tell you quite as much."

"It's hard to be left in the dark like this," says Alexis.

"It's hard upon us, but I can't see that it matters much to you," remarks Jenny. "If you are ever so deeply in love with Sibyl, she isn't so much to you as she is to us."

"Isn't she?" exclaims Alexis. "Suppose I tell you that she is more to me than she is to any one else in the world, and that I am determined not to be kept in ignorance of her present position. She is my wife, Miss Faunthorpe, and the law of the land, as well as the law of God which preceded that law by four thousand years or so, gives a husband custody of his wife."

"Gracious goodness!" ejaculates Jenny, slipping off the angle of the table, and recovering her equilibrium with a struggle, "do you mean that my sister Sibyl is a married woman?"

"She is my wife. An unfaithful wife, for she deserted me because I was poor. Yet I am weak enough to love her still, and I will go to the end of the world to find her."

"My!" exclaims Jenny. "This is the awfulest thing I ever heard of!"

"You can understand, therefore, that I have some right to make inquiries about your sister, and that I am justified in insisting upon seeing your uncle Robert."

"Oh, but you mustn't," cries Jenny, with overwhelming energy. "You mustn't breathe one syllable about your marriage to Uncle Robert. It would be the ruin of all of us if you did. Don't you know that we are no better than paupers dependent upon his charity? He'd turn Marion and me out of doors if he knew that Sibyl had married without his consent. You don't know what a man he is. Our innocence wouldn't help us. He'd wash his hands of the whole lot of us."

"That would be a very vindictive course of action."

"Uncle Robert is vindictive," exclaims Jenny. "He doesn't know what it is to forgive. Do you suppose he'd ever get over Sibyl's ingratitude? He never would, and he'd wreak his vengeance upon unoffending Marion and still more unoffending me, for I'm not old enough to go and get married clandestinely if I wanted to."

"I had no idea your uncle was such a Tartar."

"Sibyl ought to have told you. I thought when a person married a person they always described their relations to that person."

"I had an impression that Dr. Faunthorpe was quite an easy-going little man," says Alexis.

"Ah, Sibyl may have felt it her duty to make the best of him. You see, he gives us the bread we eat, and we ought to be thankful for one's daily bread even if it's two days old, and scrapy as to butter. We don't ask for butter in our prayers, you see."

"And you expect me to leave this place without making any further inquiries about my wife?" demands Alexis.

"What's the use of inquiring when you've had all the information any one can give you here?" asks Jane, with a practical air. "You'd much better go to Jersey and inquire there."

"Yet you say Sibyl is likely to have left Jersey by this time."

"More than likely. She was always fond of change. She may have gone to Calcutta, or St. Petersburg, or Hong-Kong, or Scarborough, or any where where governesses are wanted. But you might trace her *from* Jersey, you know. It would be a good starting-point."

"You tell me that she has never been home since she first left this place to go to Mrs. Hazleton?"

"Never!" says Jenny, so resolutely that Alexis ought to know she is telling a falsehood.

"Well, if I can do myself no good by seeing your uncle—"

"And are sure to do us a lot of harm," interjects Jenny.

"I may as well go away without seeing him, and trust to my own wits for finding your sister."

"Decidedly," replies Jenny. "A clever young man like you can't be long at a loss."

"Good-by, Miss Faunthorpe."

"You'd better call me Jenny, if you're my brother-in-law."

"Good-by, Jenny; 'thou hast comforted me marvelous much.' I must go and try my luck elsewhere."

"If there was any thing in this way I could do for you," says Jenny, waving her hand in the direction of the shelves, "the surgery is at your service. I know the bottles as well as uncle does. Any thing from sirup of squills to corrosive sublimate. Uncle sends a good deal of that to his parish patients, and I believe it cures them, but I'm not quite sure whether they take it externally or internally."

"There's one little blue bottle up there that might be useful to me," says Alexis, with a touch of bitterness.

He points to a dark blue bottle that stands in a corner by itself on the topmost shelf—a bottle with a gilt label.

"Gracious!" cries Jenny; "that's prussic acid—deadly poison."

"A short-cut out of a man's troubles, Jenny. But I suppose a man who takes that way is something of a poltroon, and I'm not disposed to try it yet awhile. Good-by, Jenny."

"Good-by, brother-in-law. I'm really very sorry for you, and I hope things will come right in the end. You may kiss me, if you like, as we are such near relatives."

Thus privileged, Alexis imprints a brotherly kiss upon Jane's forehead, and with a final sigh of disappointment departs.

CHAPTER XXV.

"WILL FORTUNE NEVER COME WITH BOTH HANDS FULL?"

Baffled where he had expected to succeed, Alexis Secretan is at a loss what to do next. No doubt of Jenny's truthfulness presents itself to his mind. Youthful candor beamed in that open countenance of hers. How could he imagine the craft of the serpent in a child who seemed simple as the sucking dove?

What is he to do? Go to Jersey and hunt for Mrs. Yokohama Gray on the chance of finding Sibyl still with that lady, despite Jenny's assertion of her sister's fickleness? This seems the most obvious course for him to take, and he loses no time in taking it. The journey from Redcastle in Yorkshire to the Channel Islands is a long one, and it is only on the third day after his interview with Jane Faunthorpe that Alexis finds himself at St. Helier's.

Vain are his inquiries for Mrs. Yokohama Gray, or for any Mrs. Gray with a name approaching Yokohama in sound. He finds a Mrs. Gray pure and simple, but she is a laundress, and certainly not in a position to afford the luxury of a governess for her children. Alexis pursues his inquiry in every quarter likely to afford information. He sees postmasters, lodging-house keepers, librarians, and tries to obtain tidings of any lady with a pretty governess residing in the island. Sibyl might be remembered for her pretty face, he thinks, where her name was unknown or forgotten.

All his efforts are vain. He starts upon various false scents, wastes a great deal of time and trouble, and leaves the island at last thoroughly dispirited.

What more is there for him to do? Nothing, assuredly, unless he can extort the secret of his wife's whereabouts from that inflexible young woman, Jane Dimond. It seems such a hard thing to have Sibyl's letter in his pocket, to know that she is within a day's post, and yet not to be able to find her. At Southampton, while he is loitering about waiting for the train that was to take him back to London, he remembers that he has or ought to have a kinswoman living in the neighborhood of Winchester. A maiden lady, his father's first cousin, has lived all her life on a small estate near that cathedral city. He remembers spending a month at Cheswold Grange with his father and mother during one of those rare visits which they made to their native country. He was a child at this time, and it had struck him since that his father must have had some stronger motive than family affection in coming over to England to visit a quiet maiden lady living in an out-of-the-way village.

His father had possibly some idea of securing Miss Secretan's fortune for himself or his boy. Philip Secretan was assuredly the last of men to degrade himself by courting a wealthy relative, but he may have thought it his duty to his boy to keep on friendly terms with the owner of the only estate remaining to the family.

As years went on Mr. Secretan had grown more indolent in his habits and less inclined to cross the Channel, but one of his farewell injunctions to Alexis, when the young man last visited him, had reference to Matilda Secretan.

"Go and spend a few days with your cousin Matilda now and then, Alex," said the father. "She was very fond of you when you were a little boy, and I know she'll be pleased to see you now you've grown into a fine young man. It's a quiet, out-of-the-way place for you to visit, but you will be made much of by the old lady, and I dare say you can get a little shooting there in October. Lord Starborough's preserves are close by, and your cousin was always on good terms with her neighbors."

Alexis promised most dutifully, and was always intending to perform; but the visit to Miss Secretan was a business so easy to accomplish that it was deferred indefinitely. Alexis thought it would be a pity to go at any time but October, on account of Lord Starborough's pheasants, and three Octobers came and went without his finding leisure for the visit. Then came the sale of his commission, and he felt he should hardly like to face his cousin Matilda under such awkward circumstances. He would have to explain things, and he hated explanations. Next came his entanglement in Cupid's fatal net, and he had not a spare thought for Miss Secretan. Then followed his marriage and rapid descent in the social scale. He had sore need of a friend in those days; but as he had neglected his cousin Matilda in his brief day of prosperity, he could not approach her in his destitution. He might stoop to ask a favor of Aunt Gorsuch, at whose house he had been a familiar guest, but he could not beg of Miss Secretan, to whom he was a stranger. He had a faint recollection of her as an old lady with silvery hair in corkscrew curls, a high nose, delicate peach-bloom cheeks, a slim straight figure, and a dress of rich black silk, like a clergyman's presentation gown. That she had been very kind to him, and that his life had been made particularly pleasant to him at Cheswold Grange, he could remember distinctly. He remembered telling Sibyl about his rich maiden cousin as they sat by the fire in Dixon Street one November evening, building castles in a brief interval of hopefulness. He had described that childish visit to Cheswold, and his girl-wife had been fascinated by his picture of the pretty English country-house and gardens, the meadows, and the trout stream in which he had made his juvenile attempts at fly-fishing.

"Why shouldn't your cousin leave you her estate, Alex?" Sibyl had said, eagerly. "Wouldn't that be a happy thing?"

"A very happy thing, love, but not a likely turn of the wheel by any means," he had answered. "I have never seen my cousin since I was ten years old. Whatever chances I had in that direction have been forfeited by my neglect."

"Upon my word, Alexis, you seem to have delighted in throwing away fortune," Sibyl had answered, with a touch of anger. And after that she had given way to low spirits for the rest of the evening, and had talked of Cheswold Grange as a property that must have gone to her husband if he had not willfully flung away his prospect of inheritance.

To-day Alexis, sorely perplexed which way to turn in the maze of life, is inclined to dwell upon the memory of his boyish pleasures at Cheswold. He is so near the quiet old place, within fifteen miles at most. Why should he not go and see Matilda Secretan? He can approach her without degradation now that he is a prosperous, money-earning man. He has no thought of that possible inheritance. It is not in his nature to calculate upon a thing of that kind; but being so utterly alone in the world just now, he feels that it would do him good to grasp the hand of a relative—to receive kindness and sympathy from one who had known his father and mother.

The train that was to have carried him to London conveys him to Winchester. At the station he is told that Cheswold is three miles from the city, so he determines to walk the distance. It is between four and five in the afternoon when he turns out of the high street into the quiet country road which is to take him to Cheswold. Light showers have refreshed the verdure, the low water meadows are looking their greenest, and the grassy hills yonder shut out the world beyond this fertile valley, and give a look of security and repose to the landscape, so simply rustic, so thoroughly English in its character. An hour later and Alexis stands at the entrance to the village church-yard, a turn-stile at a corner of the wall. He remembers this very path across the church-yard as a short-cut to the Grange, and after nearly twenty years absence the scene comes back to his memory as vividly as if he had left the place but yesterday. Yes, there stands the old yew-tree, whose widely spreading boughs rustle and creak against the window by the pulpit in boisterous weather. No busy work of restoration is going on here. The greenish glass of the old diamond-paned casements has not been exchanged for the brilliant coloring of the modern glass painter. The rough-cast walls are unchanged.

There is the wooden dial that used to mark the flight of time when he was a boy. There is the old family tomb, neglected, forgotten, under its ivy shroud.

He lingers by the gate for some few minutes in a contemplative mood, looking dreamily at the well-remembered picture. Then he turns the stile and goes in.

He crosses the church-yard, looking idly at the tombstones on either side the path, and within a few paces of the lich-gate he is brought to a stand-still by a tablet that tells him this visit to his cousin has been deferred too long.

A massive granite slab, surmounted by a cross in white marble, bears this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
MATILDA,
ONLY DAUGHTER AND HEIRESS OF MARK HORATIO SECRETAN,
Who died at Cheswold Grange,
August 14th, 186–.
AGED EIGHTY-TWO YEARS.

Matilda Secretan has been dead exactly a year, and the friendly grasp of a kindred hand which Alexis has hoped for is not for him.

"Poor old lady!" he sighs. "Well, she has lived her life, and a good long one. An easy, harmless, passionless existence, full of creature comforts and village dignity. She was a great person in Cheswold. Perhaps it is wiser to play at greatness in a rural village than to struggle to be really great amidst the press of men—pleasant to be born and die on one's own estate, to lie in one's shroud in the same room in which one was rocked in one's cradle, to look out with our dying eyes upon the green fields in which we learned to walk—our own fields, not gained by toil or greed or overreaching our fellow-men, but coming to us naturally as the blossoms come to the apple-trees in our orchard. Yes, it must be a peaceful, pleasant life, affording no opportunity for sin. Satan must have a bad time among small landed proprietors. Poor Cousin Matilda! I wonder who has come in for her property?"

The Grange lies within ten minutes' walk, just at the outer edge of the village. Alexis crosses the green, with its duck pond, its groups of ancient elms before the good old village inn, with the rising sun, looking very much like a careful representation of a mustard plaster, swinging from the sign-post. A low white house, this village inn, with a sloping thatch and a wonderful display of intensely red geraniums in intensely red flower pots—a perfect blaze of scarlet floriculture.

Beyond the green and the Rising Sun the road is shaded by fine old timber, and has a secluded look, as if one had strayed unawares into a gentleman's park. The hedge-rows are so neatly cut, the grass margin of the road looks as if it had been mowed and rolled. There is a pleasant odor of pine woods. A little further on and there comes an opening in the wooded screen, and across a running brook Alexis sees the wide park-like meadow which lies in front of Cheswold Grange. A sunk fence divides the grass land from the old-fashioned Grange garden; and to the left of the long low old house, with its many gables, its dove-cotes and bell turret, lies the orchard, whose treasures are guarded by a thick holly hedge of something over two centuries growth.

How well Alexis remembers the house; a hospitable dwelling in the days of his boyhood, but somewhat gloomy of aspect now. Every thing has a neglected air. He can see that even at a distance.

"I suppose Miss Secretan's heir despises the old place," he thinks, "and suffers the Grange to go to ruin, while he squanders the revenue of the land in London. I wonder who the *fellow* is? Some Low-Church parson, perhaps, or smooth-tongued doctor, who got to the blind side of Cousin Matilda at the last."

He is at the lodge-gate by this time. Even the lodge has a decayed air, a broken pane conspicuous in the parlor window, paint blistered, a bit of rotten gutter hanging from an angle of the roof.

"Looks like an Irish squireen's place in the bad old times fifty years ago," thinks Alexis.

The lodge-keeper's wife is spreading out the weekly wash on the sunward side of a quick-set hedge, and to this busy housewife Alexis addresses himself.

"You've a pretty place here," he begins, with the casual air of an uninterested stranger. "Pity it shouldn't be kept up a little better."

"Ah, it is a pity," answers the woman, shaking her head over the family linen. "Things was very different in Miss Secretan's time." She says this with the conviction that every one upon earth—the wandering stranger included—must know all about Miss Secretan. They may not have had the honor of that lady's acquaintance, but she must be known to them by reputation as one of the magnates of the land, just as Disraeli and Gladstone are known.

"She was a good mistress?" hazards Alexis.

"Ah," sighs the woman, seeming to wring her hands as she wrings out a garment before unfurling it on the hedge, "few like her. I won't say but what she was near. A lady that wouldn't allow the waste of a candle end, and wore her dress from year's end to year's end—but a silk as might stand alone. And them as is nearest toward theirselves is oftentimes kindest to others. Miss Secretan was a kind friend to many. She could do more kindness with sixpence than some people can do with half a crown. And she left a very pretty property. A pity it should go into Chancery."

"Is it in Chancery?" asks Alexis, warmly interested.

"Well, I can't say as it is azackley, but it's something that way, I believe. You see, Miss Secretan she makes her will a good twenty year ago, and she leaves all her property to a favorite nephew or cousin, I'm not certain which, in trust for him if she should die before he came of age, but he was to have it handed over to him clear of every think if he was past twenty-one. And she never altered that will. She had thoughts of altering, I've heard Mrs. Bodlow, the housekeeper, say, because of her nephew not paying her the attention she expected; but once having taken a good bit of trouble to make her will, she didn't care about beginning all over again. 'I'll wait,' says she, as I had it from Mrs. Bodlow, 'and I dare say,' she says, 'as one of these odd days,' says she, 'he'll remember me,' she says, 'and come and see me,' says she, 'and if not,' says she, 'I'm hale and hearty still,' she says, 'and there's time enough to alter my will,' says she, which Mrs. Bodlow repeated to me word batum while she was lying a corpse in that room with the three windows as you may see from here."

Alexis has turned from red to pale and pale to red again during the progress of this prolix relation. The lodge-keeper's wife only pauses for breath ere she pursues her argument.

"So the will was let stand," she resumes, "and Miss Secretan didn't so much as trouble herself to find out whether the young man was living or dead, and lo and behold, when the will was made known, the heir was nowheres to be found. I believe the lawyers and such like did all as was proper, and he was advertised to his advantage in the newspapers continual, but he never answered none of the advertisements, which he couldn't have failed to do if he was alive and could write, unless he'd gone out to Horsetralyer and turned butcher, like that simple-'arted young gentleman as you read of in the newspapers. Howsomedever, there's the property, belonging to no one, as you may say, and things going to ruin. There's one gardener kept to grub about a bit, where there used to be two men and a by at work constant, and there's a pore 'elpless old woman in the 'ouse, with 'ardly strenth to open a shutter and let in a breath of hair; so you may guess as the moths are having their free-will of the damass curtings and such like."

"You didn't know the name of the heir?" says Alexis, interrogatively.

"Not his chrisen name. His other name was the same as hern. 'I'll have a Secretan to come after me if I can,' she says, and Mrs. Bodlow told me as she believed it was all on account of the name as Miss Secretan left that young man the property."

Alexis tries his hardest to still the troubled beating of his heart, tries to persuade himself that it is too soon to feel the flush and pride of sudden unexpected fortune. Matilda Secretan may have had other cousins or nephews, he tells himself. He is not particularly well posted in the family history, having heard his father prose about his kindred with youth's heedless ear. He tells himself it is too soon to be glad, yet he feels as if he were lord of the soil. He stands within the gate, and he plants his foot firmly on the ground.

"I wonder if I am standing on my own land?" he thinks. "I feel as if there were a glow in the soil that communicates itself to my blood. It is the land that has belonged to my race for three hundred years." The fact that for the space of a year no one has come forward to claim the property encourages the supposition that he himself is the missing heir.

"Would it be possible for me to see the house?" he inquires, seized with a feverish desire to examine the mansion which may or may not be his.

"I dare say if you was to offer the old lady a trifle she wouldn't mind letting you see it, Sir. She's a little hard of hearing."

"Suppose I offer you five shillings to begin with?" suggests Alexis, dropping two half crowns into the matron's hand. "You might take me up to the house and make things square with the old lady."

The lodge-keeper's face beams all over with delight. "I'm sure I'm much beholden to you, Sir. I'll dry my hands directly a minute, and step up to the great house with you."

The Grange has been "the great house" at Cheswold for generations.

"Oh, Sibyl," thinks Alexis, as he walks along the grassy path under the elms, "if you had only waited for brighter days, how happy we might have been! You abandon me in order to seek fortune, and you don't seem to have won it yet. Fortune falls into my lap unsought."

The fact of his wife's desertion seems harder to him in the face of this sudden turn of fortune's wheel than it has seemed before. That prosperity should come to him thus, and find him a lonely man!

If this estate of Cheswold has been actually left him, shall he lure his wife back to him by a golden bait? Shall he win from his altered fortunes the boon that has been refused to a husband's entreaty? No; a thousand times no! "If she comes back to me ever, she shall return to the pauper she abandoned," he tells himself. "She shall come back for love of me, her husband, not to be mistress of Cheswold Grange." Yet how proud he would be, having won her back to her duty, to point to this peaceful old English home, and say, "I am no longer an adventurer and a beggar, and all this is ours, and our children's after us." He has quite made up his mind by this time that he is the missing heir, and that these elms which screen him from the low western sun are his very own.

Cheswold Grange upon this August evening has a damp, mouldy smell, and wears the gloomy and somewhat ghostly aspect of a house whose shutters are for the most part closed against air and sunshine. But it is a good old house notwithstanding. The rooms are large, the staircase is wide and substantial, with fine carved oak balusters, an open gallery above with numerous doors, suggestive of ample accommodation for a family. The quaint old furniture remains just as Miss Secretan left it. Every thing is carefully shrouded in holland, and the dust lies thick upon the old rose-wood tables, the Canton porcelain, and the crystal chandeliers, whose half-burned wax-candles shed their light upon the vanished mistress of the Grange.

"Nothing has been touched," says Mrs. Cramp, of the lodge, as she follows Alexis and the old woman in charge from room to room. "Every think is the same as in Miss Secretan's time, except that when she was living you couldn't have found a grain of dust in the place if you'd offered a five-pound note for it."

After the house Alexis explores stables and gardens. It is dark by the time his inspection is finished, and he makes up his mind to spend the night at the Rising Sun in Cheswold village. He feels attached to the place already.

"Is there much land belonging to the Grange?" he inquires of Mrs. Cramp, the old woman in charge being little more than a dummy, and Mrs. Cramp serving as interpreter.

"I can't say how many acres, Sir, though I dare say my husband might know if he was at home. There's Baker's farm, and there's the Hollow farm and the Hill farm—that must be a good bit altogether. Miss Secretan was lady of the manor."

This is pleasant to hear. Alexis gratifies the deaf care-taker with his bounty, and goes back to the gate with Mrs. Cramp, who enlarges upon the beauties of the place, and asks him if he has any idea of taking the property if it should be to let.

"Chancery might just as well let the great house, you see, Sir, if it was only for the sake of having it took care of. It would be all the better for the heir if he should come to claim his own. It went to my heart to see things so dusty; and I hope, Sir, if you should have any thoughts of the place, you'll keep on me and my good man at the lodge. We served Miss Secretan faithful above eleven years."

"I won't displace you, Mrs. Cramp, you may rely on it, if I should ever come to be master of Cheswold Grange. Good-night. Oh, by-the-way," he adds, just as he is turning to go, "do you happen to know the name of Miss Secretan's lawyer?"

"Mr. Scrodgers, of Winchester, Sir—Scrodgers and Son it is now."

"Thanks. Good-night again."

"He must be thinking of taking the place," muses Mrs. Cramp, "or he wouldn't want to see Mr. Scrodgers."

Alexis finds the Rising Sun a comfortable old hostelry of a primitive style. Dinner resolves itself into tea and eggs and bacon; but the eggs and bacon are admirable, the home-made loaf delicious, and the cream-jug which accompanies the tea-pot suggests a land flowing with milk and honey. The parlor in which the traveler enjoys this homely meal is clean and bright, and adjoins the bar so closely that he can carry on a conversation with the landlord as he takes his refreshment. From this gentleman he hears that Cheswold Grange is one of the nicest little estates in the county, worth fifteen hundred a year at the lowest computation, and that Miss Secretan was a careful old lady, and must have saved money.

"How could she spend much, you see, Sir, living in her quiet way, never leaving home from year's end to year's end, growing her own meat and making her own butter, and having every thing in a ring-fence, as you may say? Ah, there'll be a pretty tidy bit of rhino for that young man to come into if they ever find him."

That young man—or the young man who supposes himself to be the heir—feels a thrill of satisfaction at the idea, and is somewhat impatient for to-morrow morning, and an interview with Messrs. Scrodgers and Son.

"Do you know much about Mr. Scrodgers, of Winchester, the old lady's solicitor?" asks Alexis.

"Not much, Sir, I'm happy to say. I keeps aloof from that cattle. Not as I've ever heard any harm of Scrodgers and Son, but they're all tarred with the same brush, to my mind. If you've got a bit of freehold property, they wants you to mortgage it, just to give them something to do. If you've got a bit of property to leave, they wants you to throw it into hodge-podge, just to give them the 'andling of it; and if they can get you into Chancery body and bones, they do it, for the good of trade. No lawyers for me, Sir; but I believe, as lawyers go, Scrodgers and Son are pretty decent fellows."

Alexis sleeps peacefully that night, better than he has slept since he landed in the port of London, and is closeted with Mr. Scrodgers the elder early next morning in the quiet front parlor of a substantial old house in a side street in Winchester. The office has a respectable and well-to-do look, and Mr. Scrodgers is white-bearded and venerable enough for an abbot. The grave cathedral overshadows his dwelling and increases the respectability of his surroundings.

Alexis has sent in his card:

Alexis Secretan,
Agent for Messrs. Keel & Skrew,
Sydney.

The lawyer receives him politely, with a manner that is half friendly, half suspicious.

"May I ask what Mr. Secretan I have the pleasure of addressing?" he inquires, looking at the card.

"I don't quite know how you would wish me to describe myself. I am the son of Philip Secretan, who died at Nice in 1858, and who was first cousin of Miss Secretan, of Cheswold Grange. I come to you, Mr. Scrodgers, to inquire about my cousin's will. I have been in Australia for the last two years, acting as agent for a house in the city, and I only became aware of my cousin Matilda's death yesterday evening."

"This is very serious," says Mr. Scrodgers, looking at Alexis as if he should like to convict him as an impostor. "And pray how did you come to hear of Miss Secretan's demise yesterday evening, not having heard of it prior to that time? May I ask how the intelligence reached you finally?"

Mr. Scrodgers rubs his hands complacently after this address, and fixes Alexis with his large gray eyes, which are of the protuberant order.

"The knowledge came to me in the simplest possible manner. I went over to Cheswold intending to pay my cousin a visit, and found her name on a tombstone in the church-yard."

"Are you quite sure, Sir, that the fact of Miss Secretan's death did not become known to you in Australia, and did not influence your return to this country?" inquires Mr. Scrodgers, severely.

"If you think me an impostor, Mr. Scrodgers, I will thank you to say so plainly, and I will take means to establish my identity. This beating about the bush is as insulting to my understanding as it is to my honor."

"This is a very serious business, Mr. Secretan—a good deal more serious than you may suppose. We are intrusted with a great responsibility, Sir. If we err, it must be on the side of caution."

"You mean that my cousin Matilda left the whole of her property to Alexis Secretan, and you doubt whether I am the man, although I put his name upon my card?"

"It would be for you to establish your identity, Mr. Secretan."

"Nothing more easy. My father's solicitors, Messrs. Gull and Sharpe, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, have been familiar with every stage of my existence up to the time when I sold my commission about four years ago. They hold all family documents—certificates of baptism, and so on. My father was a careless man as to business matters, but he had infinite faith in his lawyers, and he committed all papers of any significance into their charge."

"Messrs. Gull and Sharpe are a most respectable firm," answers Mr. Scrodgers, with a reverential expression of countenance, as if so old established a firm ought to be spoken of with awe.

"I refer you to them for my identification," says Alexis, "and I shall be obliged if you will let them have a copy of my cousin's will. I shall go to them directly I get back to London, and take all necessary steps under their advice."

"I have not offended you, I hope, Mr. Secretan, by my business-like manner of discussing this question. I had the honor to enjoy Miss Secretan's confidence for many years, and I am naturally—"

"Very naturally—quite proper. Good-morning, Mr. Scrodgers. Please lose no time about the copy of my cousin's will."

"The original document is in Doctors' Commons."

"Ah, then, Gull and Sharpe will be able to get me a copy. Good-morning."

Alexis leaves the dull old office elate. He knows all that he wanted to know—knows that he is lord of Cheswold Grange; that he need never go back to Australia; that his agency for Keel and Skrew is at an end; that he is an Englishman of landed estate—a gentleman by fortune as he is a gentleman by birth.

He is eager to get back to London, if it were only to communicate his good fortune to the friend of his adversity, Richard Plowden.

"Dear old Dick! How glad he will be! He shall have an acre of ferns at Cheswold, and his mother need never let lodgings any more unless she likes."

There is one thought that touches him most deeply—the thought of the child whose face he has never seen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Roman ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, began by saying, "I make a distinction." A cardinal having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from the well-known peculiarity of his guest, saying to him that he had an important question to propose. He asked, "Is it, under any circumstances, lawful to baptize in soup?" "I make a distinction," said the priest. "If you ask is it lawful to baptize in soup in general, I say *no;* if you ask is it lawful to baptize in your Eminence's soup, I say *yes*, for there is really no difference between it and water."

A fool in a high station is like a man on the top of a high mountain—every thing appears small to him, and he appears small to every body.

When is a horse not worth a shilling?—When it's worth less (worthless).

"My native city has treated me badly," said a drunken vagabond, "but I love her still." "Probably," replied a gentleman, "her still is all that you do love."

A fellow who got drunk on election day said it was owing to his effort to put down "party spirit."

On a fishing and shooting expedition some very strange stories were told in the evenings. Shots are made and fishing feats performed after dinner occasionally of a kind seldom known at other times. On the occasion referred to the romancing had been extraordinary. A canny Scotchman in the corner was at length poked up to know if he ever heard any thing as wonderful as the story last related, which referred to the abundance of fish in an English river. "No," said he, "unless it was some years ago, when I was fishing in the Highlands, near Loch Awe. The first thing I saw in the mornin' when I looked out o' ma bedroom window was a salmon—I'll warrant he was fifty pounds weight—so tame that he was gaun picken about the yard wi' the hens."

An exchange says, "If you don't stop using tobacco, the first thing you know you will have the amaurosis, angina pectoris, hypochondriasis, and locomotorataxy." With such an array of ills, it is no wonder the popular superstition that the "devil sowed the seed" obtains followers.

A young fellow once offered to kiss a Quakeress. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by Jove, but I must," said the youth. "Well, friend, as thee hast sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."

An Englishman, it has been said, is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; an Irishman never at peace but when he is at war.

A Dutchman being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy for the rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy; but added, "I dosh petter as dat—I drinks de prandy, den I rubs mein legs mit der pottle."

A pious but uneducated judge closed a sentence with the following touching reproach: "Prisoner at the bar, nature has endowed you with a good education and respectable family connections, instead of which you go prowling around the country stealing ducks."

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them. "But," said a friend, "you have sons big enough to earn something for you." "The difficulty is," said the man, "they are too big to work."

An apprentice sailor boy fell from the "round top" to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed, in surprise, "Why, where did you come from?" "From the north of Ireland, yer honor," was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

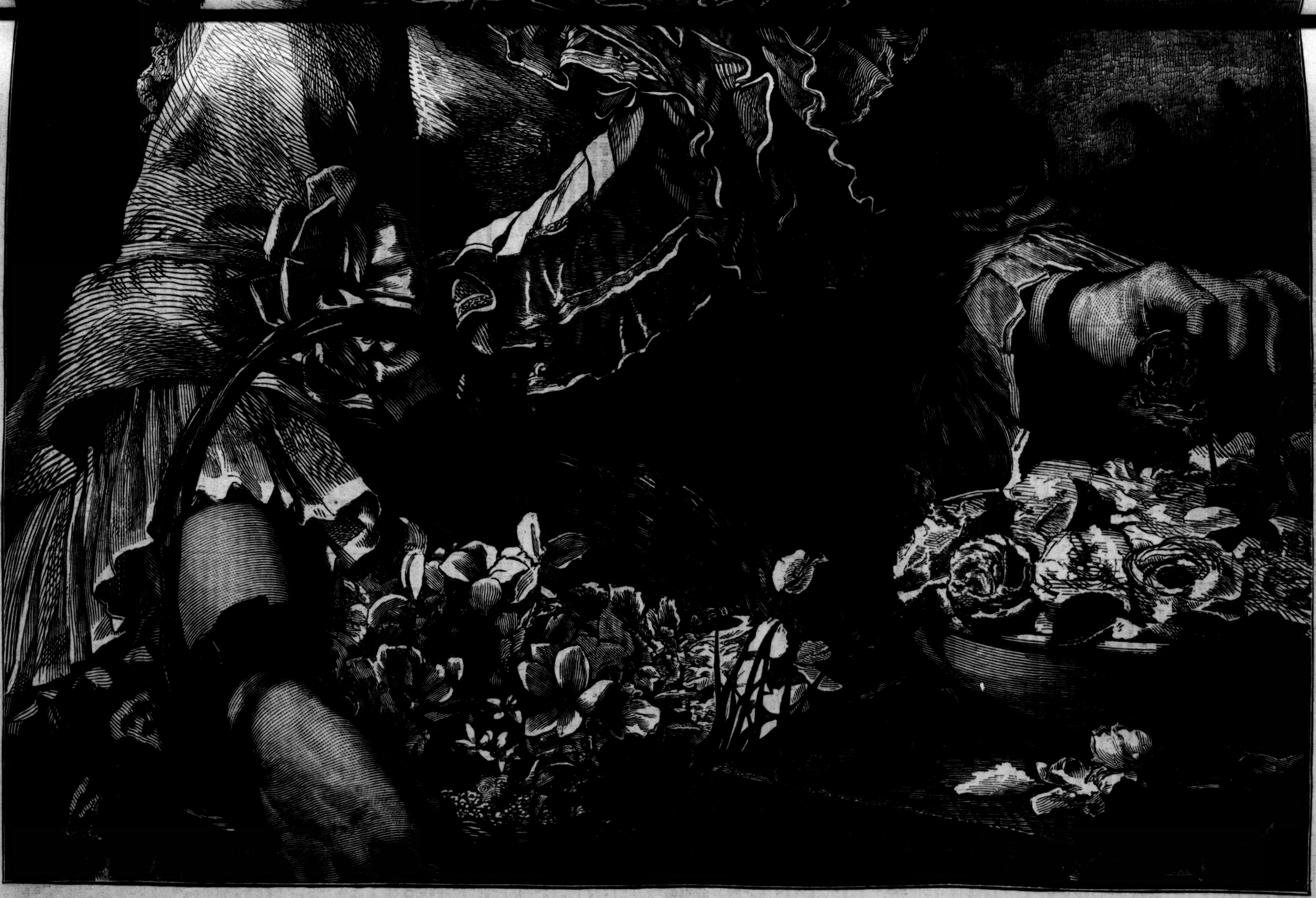
"The post-office in our village," writes a Vermont lady, "was kept in the bar-room of the tavern—a great resort for loungers. An old chap, more remarkable for his coarseness and infidelity than his good manners, was sitting there one day with a lot of boon companions, when the Methodist preacher, a new-comer, entered, and asked for his letters. Ned Swipes asked, bluntly, 'Are you the Methodist parson just come here to preach?' 'I am,' pleasantly replied the minister. 'Well,' said Swipes, 'will you tell me how old the devil is?' 'Keep your own family record,' replied the preacher, and left the room amidst the roars of the company."

Lines written on Glass.—The following lines are visible on a window-pane of a hotel in Belgium:

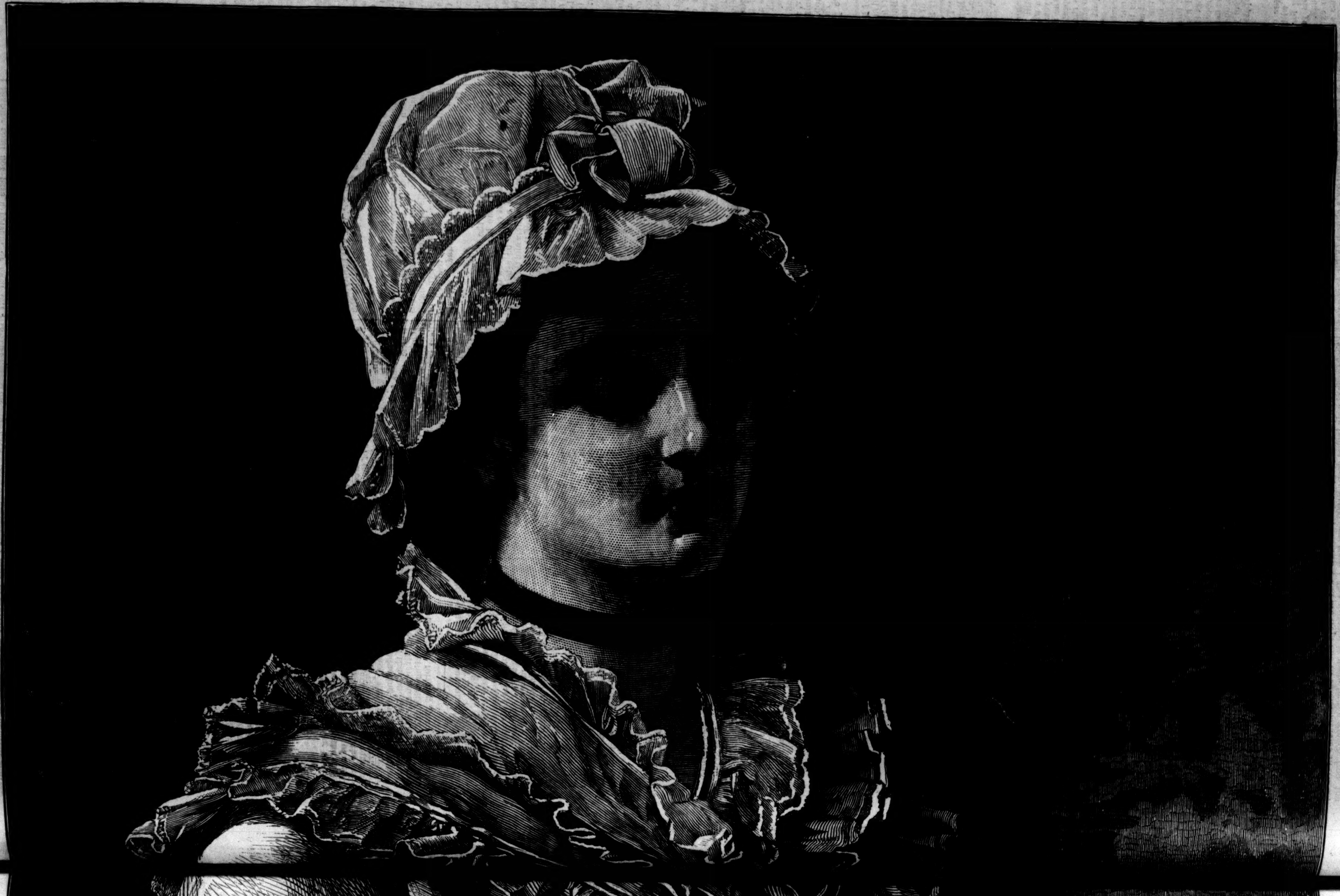
"1793.

"I love but one, and only one—
Oh, Damon, thou art he;
Love thou but one, and only one,
And let that one be me."

"How often do you knead bread?" asked one housekeeper of another. "How often? Why, I might say we need it continually," the other replied.



A LABOR OF LOVE.—[From a Painting by Perugini.]



RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday,	21.—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	28.—First Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	30.—St. Andrew.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	5.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	12.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	19.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Saturday,	25.—Christmas.
Sunday,	26.—First Sunday after Christmas—St. Stephen.
Monday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Tuesday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

The work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Brooklyn continues to go on with increasing evidences of general interest. On the second Sunday, October 31, three crowded meetings were held; one of these, at 4 P.M., was for women only, and one at 9 P.M. exclusively for men. By 2 P.M. the Rink was filled with women, and as many more failed to obtain seats. The men's meeting was as much crowded. After each, large numbers rose for prayers. It is estimated that the number of persons in attendance during the three meetings was not less than 25,000. The next morning by 8 o'clock Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle was well filled. On election day there was no perceptible falling off in the number of hearers. The people are visibly affected by the preaching and singing of the evangelists, so that the results which they expect to reach are accomplished. Friday, November 12, has been suggested as a day of fasting and prayer for the success of their efforts, and the suggestion has been well received throughout the country. Active preparations are making for the meetings in Philadelphia, which will be held in the large freight station on Market and Thirteenth streets.

A very important change was recently made by the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, in Boston, of which the Rev. G. F. Pentecost is pastor, in its "Declaration of Faith and Practice." A part of the ninth article was stricken out by a unanimous vote. It reads thus, the exscinded clause being indicated by italics: "We believe that baptism and the Lord's Supper are ordinances instituted by Christ, to be continued until His second coming; that none have a Scriptural right to baptism until they profess their faith in Christ; that the ordinance can be properly administered only by immersion, *and is by Scripture example a prerequisite to communion at the Lord's Table.*" The church is in point of age the second in Boston, having been founded in 1743. It is understood that Mr. Pentecost will now remain as pastor.

The Protestant Episcopal House of Bishops adjourned on October 29, after a session of two days at Grace Church, in this city. Some very important measures were adopted for the extension of foreign Christian missions. The Rev. Dr. Schereschewsky was elected Bishop of China, and the Rev. Dr. William H. Clarke, of Augusta, Georgia, Bishop of Africa. Bishop Schereschewsky is a native of Poland, and was originally a Jew. He came to the United States twenty years ago, graduated at the General Theological Seminary in 1860, and was appointed immediately after missionary to China. He has translated the Bible into the Mandarin tongue. He fills the place of the late Bishop Williams. Bishop Clarke is a native of New England, but has spent nearly all the years of his ministry in the Southern States. The "Church of Jesus," in Mexico, now under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Riley, asked the bishops for an independent organization and the consecration of a native bishop. The request was declined for the present. Thirty-four Protestant Episcopal bishops were present at this meeting.

The United States branch of the Evangelical Alliance, which held its biennial meeting in Pittsburg during the closing days of October, was well attended. The Hon. Felix R. Brunot was elected president for the occasion, and delivered the address of welcome to the delegates. The topics discussed were the "Reunion of Christendom," "Increased Efficiency of Sunday-Schools," "The best Way of Reaching the Masses," "Ultramontanism and the Civil Power," "The Suppression of Intemperance," "Art in Relation to Worship," "The Sabbath Question," and "Religion in Common Schools." Among the New York clergymen present were Drs. Budington, W. M. Taylor, Ganse, and others.

A very beautiful custom, according to a correspondent of a city paper, still prevails in the Ban de la Roche, the parish in which the devoted Oberlin spent fifty-nine years of self-denying labor. At the point in the Sunday service when the Lord's Prayer is repeated by the congregation, the church bell is rung, in order to notify the sick and others who are absent, and so enable them to share in this part of the worship.

The island of Bermuda is troubled by the burial question. In June last one Hester Levy died. Her family sent notice to the Rev. Mr. Cassidy to conduct the funeral ceremonies. At the gate of the church-yard the procession was met by the Rev. Mr. James, the rector of the parish, who began to read the burial service. The procession, however, did not follow him. Mr. Cassidy also began to read his service. Mr. James took a short-cut across the grass to the grave, reading aloud as he proceeded; Mr. Cassidy went to the grave by the usual path. Two services were thus simultaneously read. Fortunately nothing more unseemly than this occurred, but an action for trespass has since been brought by the rector.

The Common-school League of this city has prepared a petition, which will be circulated throughout the State, asking for the repeal of the act passed May 15 of this year in favor of the Sisterhood of Gray Nuns. The purport of the act has already been explained in this Intelligence. The League has also addressed a communication to Governor Tilden, in which the opinion is expressed that the Gray Nuns' Act violates article 3, section 18, clause 12, of the amended Constitution, which says, "The Legislature shall not pass a private or local bill granting to any corporation, association, or individual any exclusive privilege, immunity, or franchise whatever."

The Tenth Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Connecticut was held in Bristol October 28. There were nearly one hundred delegates present. The topics discussed were, "The Utility of Young Men's Christian Associations," "Importance of an open Place of Christian Resort for Young Men," "Lay Preaching," "The Study of the Bible," etc.

The remains of Joseph Guibord will be buried on the 18th of November, the fifth anniversary of his death. M. Doutré, the counsel of the Canadian Institute, has asked the Mayor of Montreal for protection on that day. The Mayor pleads that he has no jurisdiction beyond the city limits, and can not, therefore, send the police as far as the Catholic cemetery. It would seem likely that the aid of the military will be required.

The friends of the vicar of Owston Ferry, who refused to Mr. Keet, the Wesleyan minister, the privilege of putting up a tombstone in the parish church-yard, are calling for funds. The appeal to the Privy Council is likely to involve him in heavy expenses. It becomes more and more evident that the English feeling in regard to burials is very peculiar. Lately a Wesleyan minister went to purchase a place in a London cemetery in which to bury his child. He had selected a spot, when the sexton said to him, in an earnest tone, "But, Sir, you will hardly have that grave, for a Unitarian was buried in the next."

The little fact that there are but two Sunday-schools in Halle illustrates the difference between Germany and the United States in the matter of church life. One of these schools has been opened by the wife of Professor Tholuck in her own house. The Provincial Synod of Rhenish Prussia (state Church) has resolved on the general introduction of Sunday-schools throughout the province.

On the 16th of June last the missionary ship *John Wesley* sailed from the harbor of Lavaka, Feejee Islands, for the east coast of New Guinea, where mission stations are to be established. She carried eight native teachers and their wives, under the superintendence of the Rev. George Brown. The expedition is considered adventurous by those who know the coast.

The corner-stone of the new building for the Princeton Theological Seminary, the gift of Messrs. R. L. and A. Stuart, of this city, was laid October 27. The chief part of the ceremony was performed by Mr. R. L. Stuart. An address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. A. T. M'Gill. The building will cost about $110,000.

A very important decision was reached by the General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, which met this season at Galesburg, Illinois, in relation to pulpit exchanges. It was expressed tersely in the following formula: "Lutheran pulpits for Lutheran ministers only; Lutheran altars for Lutheran communicants only."

The Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, has been unanimously called to the pastoral charge of the Murray Hill Presbyterian Church of this city (Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street), at a salary of $12,000 per annum. It is not known as we write whether the call has been accepted.

The meeting, held in Pittsburg, of the commissioners of the Methodist Protestant and Methodist Churches to arrange terms of union was very harmonious. The conclusions of the commissioners are yet to be approved by the General Conferences of the two Churches, but there is every reason to expect that the union will be effected.

The General Conference of the Wesleyan Church was held at Sycamore, Illinois, beginning October 20. This body is opposed to secret societies, and adopted the following resolution: "We will on no account tolerate our ministers or members in joining or holding fellowship with secret societies, as, in the judgment of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, it is inconsistent with our duties to God to hold such connections."

At the annual Conference of the Congregational churches of New York, held in Norwich, a report was adopted recommending the consolidation of feeble churches of different denominations where all are not needed. It was stated that a Congregational and a Presbyterian church in contiguous towns had united in employing the same minister. At the General Conference of the Congregational churches of Connecticut, held November 9, one of the topics discussed was, "The Proper Attitude of our Ministers and Churches in Relation to the Divorce Laws of Connecticut." Nothing of greater importance could come before such a body.

The labors of the numerous evangelists who, like Messrs. Moody and Sankey, go from city to city, are extending over an ever-widening circle. Messrs. Whittle and Bliss, who have spent several weeks in St. Paul, Minnesota, have gone to Minneapolis, where, on October 25, they held their first meeting. It is their practice to call the people together three times each day—to a prayer-meeting early in the morning, a Bible reading in the afternoon, and a public meeting at night. Of the two, Major Whittle is the preacher and Mr. Bliss the singer. The latter has some repute as a composer of popular religious music. In Cleveland, Ohio, meetings of similar character have been organized, in which both the pastors of the city and the members of the Young Men's Christian Association have been especially active. The leaders of the work of evangelism among railroad men are from Cleveland.

Numerous daily meetings have been organized in this city—one at Mr. Hepworth's church, one at Dr. Ludlow's church (Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street), one at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, and one at Lyric Hall, Sixth Avenue. The promoters of the last-named meeting having been dispossessed of the hall, were invited to occupy the store on the first floor of the building. The goods are covered at noon, business is suspended, and an hour is given to religious worship.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is officially announced that it is the purpose of the government to make a complete and representative collection of the mineral products of the United States, which shall illustrate the mineral resources of the country and its mining and metallurgical progress at the forth-coming International Exhibition to be held in Philadelphia. This collection will constitute a portion of the government display made by the executive departments, and be in charge and under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution.

This appears to be the first systematic attempt put forth by the government to secure a collection which shall properly represent the mineral wealth of the country; and to this end, it is stated, the already immense collections of the Smithsonian Institution will form the nucleus about which to accumulate new treasures. The general direction of this work has been confided by the Institution to Professor William P. Blake, of New Haven, Connecticut, whose name will be familiar to most of our readers in connection with former exhibitions.

Professor Henry has issued a circular inviting the co-operation of all who are professionally or otherwise interested in the subject under consideration. After relating the fact that the Smithsonian Institution has undertaken this work, and detailing its importance, the circular continues: "The Institution is aware of the great difficulty of obtaining such a collection, especially in the limited time before the Exhibition, but it confidently asks and relies upon the hearty and patriotic co-operation of mine-owners, superintendents, engineers, geologists, and of all who are able to contribute to the success of the object in view. The collection now in the museum will be freely used for the purpose."

The following classification has been adopted, and will be followed. The collection will illustrate: 1. The nature and variety of the mineral resources of the United States. 2. The geographical distribution and geological associations of these resources. 3. The extent to which they have been utilized. 4. The mechanical, metallurgical, and chemical processes by which they are extracted or converted into useful products. 5. The inherent and comparative qualities of the extracted products, viewed as materials rather than as manufactures.

In pursuance of this classification, the collection will be arranged and displayed according to the following subdivisions: 1. Systematic collections, chiefly educational and scientific. 2. Fuels and petroleum. 3. Ores, metals, and their immediate derivatives. 4. Ornamental stones and gems. 5. Building stones, marbles, etc. 6. Artificial stones, lime, mortars, cement, etc. 7. Fictile materials, and direct products. 8. Pigments, colors, detergents. 9. Grinding, abrading, and polishing substances. 10. Fertilizing substances. 11. Sulphur, salts, minerals chiefly used in chemical manufactures.

The list of co-operators, which has been published, comprises the names of the most eminent mining engineers, geologists, and professors in the country, and the plan adopted appears to be the most feasible for the successful accomplishment of the object in view that could have been suggested. The want of a national museum which shall worthily represent the mineral wealth of the country has often been lamented, and though several attempts have been made toward its realization, the means employed proved to be utterly inadequate for the purpose, and the experiments resulted in failure. The present effort is in able hands and well organized, and with the proper co-operation of professional men and others interested in its success will bring together a collection of which the nation will have no need to feel ashamed.

It is the intention of those having the matter in charge to give due credit in the Exhibition and catalogue both to the locality and the contributor—an arrangement which should stimulate individual and localized assistance to the utmost. The expenses of the exhibition, including the cost of classifying, labeling, cataloguing, unpacking, and arranging, will be borne by the Institution, under suitable regulations.

Those desirous of contributing specimens, or of securing information concerning the best means of shipment, etc., will be supplied with circulars and blank forms upon addressing Professor W. P. Blake, at New Haven, Connecticut. All packages of ores, minerals, etc., intended for the Exhibition should be addressed to the National Museum, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

It should, finally, be borne in mind by intending exhibitors that, in view of the shortness of the time intervening from the present to the date of the opening of the Exhibition at Philadelphia, their contributions should be forwarded with as little delay as possible.

The death of Dr. Leverett Bradley, of Jersey City, a well-known electrician and manufacturer of electrical apparatus, took place on the 6th of September, at the age of seventy-six. This gentleman was prominent among practical electricians for the variety of inventions and devices patented by him, such as telegraph machines, helices, and a great number of applications of electricity.

Dr. W. Waagen has been appointed paleontologist to the Indian Survey, rendered vacant by the death of Dr. Stoliczka.

The operations during the season of 1875 of the United States salmon hatching establishment on the M'Cloud River, a tributary of the Upper Sacramento, under the direction of Mr. Livingston Stone, have been conducted with great vigor and with wonderful success, upward of 9,000,000 eggs having been obtained, of which 6,210,000 were sent East in good condition. The remainder have been kept in the hatching house at the camp, to be developed and placed in the Sacramento River.

The eggs were packed in 156 packages, each two feet square by six inches deep; 80,000 eggs were placed in each box, in layers properly separated by damp moss. They were then packed in crates in pairs, surrounded by stuffing of some kind to prevent jarring. Several different substances were used for this purpose, as moss, hay, and ferns, in order to determine which material is best adapted to the purpose.

The total weight of the consignments amounted to over 20,000 pounds. The bulk of the eggs alone, without the packing, was eighty bushels; 150 bushels of moss were required for packing.

So far as heard from, the eggs sent East during the present season have all arrived in good condition, with very trifling loss, the result being more satisfactory in this respect than in any previous year.

It is probable that nearly three times as many young fish will be hatched out and planted in the waters as were procured in 1874. Between two and three millions of eggs still remained at the establishment on the M'Cloud River on the 14th of October, when the shipments were completed, their hatching and planting in the Sacramento being provided for by some public-spirited citizens of California, among them Governor Leland Stanford, Mr. Crocker, and others.

Dr. R. J. Mann states that the following conditions are indispensable for protection against lightning: first, ample dimension and unbroken continuity in the lightning-rod; second, free earth contacts, with frequent examination by galvanometers of the condition of these to prove that there is no gradual impairment through the operation of chemical erosion; third, the employment of enough points above to dominate all parts of the building; fourth, the addition of terminal points to the conducting system wherever any part of the structure of the building comes near to the limiting surface of a conical space having the main point of the conductor for its height, and a breadth equal to twice the height of that point from the earth for the diameter of its base; fifth, the avoidance of all less elevated conducting divergences within striking distance of the conductor, and especially such dangerous divergences of this character as gas pipes connecting with the general gas main, and therefore forming good earth contacts.

The German papers announce the death, in the beginning of September last, of Dr. Oscar Peschel, of Leipsic, a well-known geographer, who was editor for twenty years of the weekly geographical journal, *Das Ausland*, but for several years past a professor in the University of Leipsic. He was also the author of several separate geographical works, among them a *History of Geography down to the Time of A. von Humboldt*, a *History of the Age of Discoveries*, *New Problems of Comparative Geography*, etc.

The recent meeting of the British Association gave an opportunity for the discussion of the Channel Tunnel, and the current of opinion was for the most part favorable to its feasibility, so far as the geological and engineering problems involved therein are concerned. With regard to the actual undertaking of the labor, it appears to be admitted on all hands, in view of its enormous cost, and consequently its doubtful character as a financial venture, that it must be made a national work, and executed under the combined auspices of the English and French governments. The legislation looking to this mutual division of responsibility has been conceded by both governments involved in the undertaking, and the reports of the joint commission of English and French government officers now engaged in studying the problem will, in all probability, decide the question as to whether the Channel Tunnel is to be a reality. Sir John Hawkshaw, the president of the British Association, and one of the government engineers of the project, in the discussion before that learned body gave the scheme his decided approval.

An International Geodetical Congress took place on the 20th of September in Paris, with General Haner, the delegate for Spain, as president. The German, Russian, and Austrian empires, together with Italy, Belgium, Roumania, Switzerland, and several German states, were represented. No delegate was present for Great Britain nor for the United States.

The Hydrographic Office at Washington has just published "Hydrographic Notice No. 54," containing a large amount of important geographical information in regard to Australia, Torres Strait and the southwest coast of New Guinea, and the western islands of the Louisiade Archipelago. This is a reprint of information furnished by the British Hydrographic Office, from the surveys of Captain John Moresby and the other officers of H.M.S. *Basilisk*, which was engaged in 1873 and 1874 in surveying these regions.

It is a long time since so much fresh matter has been obtained by any surveying vessel, the region in question, until the period of this survey, having been one of the least known portions of the globe.

We presume that the narrative of the *Basilisk* will soon be printed in book form, and in a more attractive guise than the present dry Hydrographic Notice, although this probably contains in a concise form the actual advance in our knowledge of the geography of the region.

Captain Moresby remarks that the natives of the southwest portion of New Guinea are copper-colored, about five feet three inches in height, and with good features. The hair of the men is worn frizzled out in a large mat, and ornamented with feathers; that of the women is always cut short. Both sexes go almost naked. Their weapons are wooden spears and swords, clubs, slings, and stone V-shaped hatchets; but no bows and arrows are seen among them.

Human jaw and spinal bones are worn as bracelets and ornaments, and the wearers appear to wish to have it understood that they had eaten the original owners of the bones. The houses are built, after Malay fashion, on poles raised five or six feet from the ground, and consist of one large apartment, with peaked gable ends and a saddle roof. Dogs, cats, and pigs are kept; also, tame cassowaries, birds, and a small species of opossum bear.

Their fishing nets are similar to an English seine, with shell sinkers and light wood floats, and are from one to twenty fathoms in length. The material is made by the women, from the fibre of a small, nettle-like plant, and possesses the strength of ordinary seining twine.

THE SECRET OF THE STAIR.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

He was a client of mine, was John Dargle, and I can tell his story, or at least act as chorus to it; for he tells the greater part of it himself in words I can not improve upon.

His old uncle, Philip Makerace, left him the whole of his property quite unexpectedly; for, in the first place, it was supposed he had nothing to leave, and in the second, he had a son, William Makerace, who should have been the natural heir.

But father and son had never got on well together, and at the time of the old man's death there was a wide breach. He was a quarrelsome, ill-conditioned old fellow, and the son took after him. He quarreled with his only sister, John Dargle's mother, years and years ago, because she chose to marry a merchant skipper; and when he, poor man, was lost at sea, leaving his widow and an only boy all but destitute, Philip Makerace scarcely put out a hand to help her. Yet he seemed to have a lingering liking for the boy, apprenticed him to the merchant marine, and, as I have said, when he was just three-and-twenty, finally left him about three thousand a year.

This was a great change for mother and son, who had been living pretty much upon the scant wages of the young sailor. He was a kindly, simple, good chap, was Jack—a British tar to the backbone—and I rejoiced heartily at his good fortune. I knew his father and all the circumstances of the marriage, but I never cottoned to old Philip; and though he lived within a few miles of me here at Nuncester, I never saw him, and hardly knew either him or his son William.

Chillestone, as his old tumble-down house was named, was what artists would call a picturesque place, and John Dargle, when he came into possession, conceived the strange idea of living in it, and the yet more strange idea of getting his cousin, this William Makerace, who was an architect by profession, to restore, enlarge, and beautify it. Jack was magnanimous; he felt that William had been hardly treated; looked upon himself, indeed, as a sort of usurper; and longing to conciliate and in some sort to compensate the ousted heir, took this opportunity, the first which offered, of expressing his good-will and intentions toward his cousin.

If I point out one important clause in Philip Makerace's will, and give an extract from a letter written by the architect to his cousin just as the restoration of Chillestone was completed, I can let Jack go on with his story. The clause in the will was to the effect that the father's property should revert to the son only in case of John Dargle (the nephew) dying without issue. The extract from the architect's letter is as follows:

"It still remains quite an old-fashioned house to look at externally, with stacks of quaint, twisted, corkscrew chimneys, gable ends, great brown cross-beams and joists showing out amidst the gray stone and red brick. A genuine half-timbered house, as the phrase goes, with lintels and overhanging upper stories, a wide wooden porch, and stone-mullioned lattice windows. When time and well-trained creepers shall have mellowed and toned its colors down, the additions will appear as antique and as Elizabethan as the original portion, and as if the whole of it had been erected three hundred years ago.

"Internally I have endeavored to preserve the same characteristics as far as was consistent with modern ideas of comfort, and you must come and see how I have succeeded. But the staircase is a triumph, and has cost a world of thought.

"Facing the entrance, and ascending from the farthest extremity of the square hall, it divides into two return flights from a low, broad landing at the top of the eighth stair. The carved oak balustrade, the newels, and the polished flooring really give it a very antique and picturesque appearance. The space necessary for it was obtained by building out at the rear, and thus the staircase forms a projecting mass, independent of the room space—a shaft, as it were, up and down which, had I been building a modern hotel, a lift would have been worked. You may remember there was a useless old well close at the back of the house, and as it perversely came exactly where I designed erecting the block for the staircase, I was obliged to fill it up and brick it over.

"I have taken up my quarters at Chillestone for the last five weeks, the better to superintend the finishing touches; and although a short time must elapse before it is quite habitable, I would urge you to come over at once and spend a day or two, and see for yourself if there be any thing you can suggest. We are, as you know, short-handed as to domestics, there being only the infirm old woman who acted as housekeeper and cook to my father, and a lout of a stable lad.

"As you expressed a wish that your mother should select your servants, I have contrived to put up with this limited staff, and I dare say you won't be more inconvenienced by it for a night or two than I am; so please let me hear that you are coming, and the room you occupied before shall be got ready.

"Believe me always faithfully yours,

"William Makerace."

Now John Dargle must speak for himself

When I gave up the sea I brought my mother to Worcester, for the general convenience of being within easy reach of Chillestone, and that we might move into it as soon as it should be ready. William Makerace's letter shows that this time was at hand; so I hailed his invitation gladly, hoping that by making a push with the work-people we might eat our Christmas dinner in what was to become to me my permanent home.

I had been away in London, and three months had passed since I had been over to the house. Then it was in the midst of the alterations; now I was to find it all but habitable; so I looked forward gleefully to the journey.

Eighteen miles of a beautiful but lonely country lay between the old city and the old house. A carrier's cart passed along the road at the end of the lane which led to Chillestone three times a week each way, otherwise there was no public conveyance which approached it nearer than five miles, at the little market-town of Nuncester. Hence to ride was obviously the simplest means of transit; and when did a sailor ever fail to get across a horse if he had a chance? So hiring one from a livery-stable, I started one bright frosty morning, the beginning of December, having sent on an ample kit of clothing by the carrier the day before.

I had never seen that part of the country in the depth of winter, and somehow I confess I was not quite so enthusiastic about its beauties as I expected. As I neared Chillestone a certain sense of depression and loneliness came over me, which was quite a novel sensation. The bare hedge-rows and trees which clustered thickly hereabouts; the wild stormy clouds that for the latter part of the journey had been steadily thickening until they now made a gray dull pall over the whole of the sky, unmistakably betokening a heavy fall of snow; the solitary situation of the house, which was perched on the crest of a great billowing hill, with a straggling copse sloping away from it on three sides, and approached by a short avenue of limes in the front—made up a scene by no means cheery, and contrasted unfavorably with the rich autumn-tinted foliage and warm mellow light, in the midst of which I had last looked upon the spot. The raw newness of the gables and stacks of tall chimneys just added to the house had for the present not improved it. The rubbish and builder's lumber still encumbering the ground in every direction, and the windows with that wonderful bull's-eye which always appears through the glazier's ingenuity upon the new panes until they are finally cleaned, added not a little to the generally unfinished and uninviting aspect of the place. I was disappointed; my depression increased with every step; I wondered how I could ever have fancied it, or have imagined that, enlarged and renovated, the house would be pleasant to live in. Scarcely a remnant of the old structure was visible, and what there was had been scraped and cleaned. Every thing looked painfully new and uncomfortable; time, I thought, would have hard work to tone it all down. Above all, I was surprised not to see any work-people about; indeed, I had not set eyes upon a living creature since I passed the last cottage on the road, four miles off, and the extreme stillness of the air intensified the silence which prevailed.

Inside, however, matters brightened: a blazing wood fire on the dogs in the old hall set the polished floor, wainscot, ceiling, and beams reflecting and sparkling in the deepening shadows of the afternoon like so many fire-works. This was the ancient part of the building, and was comparatively untouched; and I could have lingered in the chimney-corner here willingly, had not my cousin, after meeting me at the porch as I dismounted, and whistling to the stable-boy to take my horse, urged me onward, with a few brief remarks, to look at his pet staircase, the position of which he had described.

It was a handsome piece of work, no doubt, but it appeared to offer no remarkable features to my unprofessional eyes. It was in thorough keeping with the rest of the additions, which we then proceeded to examine in detail; and the air of approaching finish, comfort, and convenience within-doors compensated for the backward state of the building outside.

A simple dinner, prepared and fairly well served by the old housekeeper, was laid in the oak parlor opening from the hall, and under the influence of it and a bottle of generous Burgundy, a large store of which our miserly predecessor had hoarded untouched for years, my spirits revived. I thanked my cousin (who promised that his share of the work should be entirely completed in less than a week) for what he had been doing, complimented him on the display of his professional skill, and over our pipes consulted upon various family and domestic arrangements, such as supplies, furnishing, etc. Now, of course, at intervals, since my friendly overtures toward my cousin began, we had had many confabulations, but never had we been thrown together under quite such social circumstances as these. At no time very genial, it seemed to cost him an effort to be as much so now as the occasion of this little house-warming demanded. He fidgeted in and out of the room after dinner once or twice; he took hardly any wine; and I thought I observed an air of preoccupation and restraint about him which had not struck me before. He looked paler and thinner, his always restless colorless eyes were more restless than usual, his thin lips were drawn down at the corners, and his dark unkempt hair gave a more than ever cadaverous tone to his complexion. I could not help remarking to him that he did not look well.

"No, I am not first-rate," said he. "I can't sleep, and nothing pulls a fellow down more than that; but I weigh as much as you do, I expect, even now; we are much about the same height and build."

"Are we? I should have guessed you to be the taller."

"I think not," he answered. "Stand up a moment."

We measured our heights against the wall. He was right.

"Yes," he went on, "and we are about the same size round the chest. Let us see."

He tried with his professional tape measure, which he took from his pocket. He was right again within an inch—I was rather the broader.

"Your coats would fit me better than my own," he continued; "tailors never give me room enough. I'll be bound that pea-jacket of yours which you hung in the hall would go on like a glove."

He stepped out and returned in it. It did fit as if it had been made for him. "And what a comfortable cap this is," he added, dandling mine, which had been hanging with the coat, in his hand. It was a half naval-looking affair, with a broad horizontal peak.

"That fits me too," he said, as he placed it on his head. "It's very comfortable. I notice you always wear it."

"Yes," I replied, "I can't stand your chimney-pot hats; my old sea habits are too free and easy for that."

Then, after a few more comments, cap and coat being restored to their peg in the hall, we chatted on over another pipe, and then agreed it was time to turn in.

"Don't be alarmed," said Makerace, as we rose, "if you hear me moving in the night. Sometimes, when I don't sleep, I am obliged to get up and walk about a bit; it's the only thing that quiets my restlessness. It's a horrible nuisance to lie awake in bed for hours. Then in the morning I am often dead asleep when I ought to be getting up, so you will not mind if I am not down to breakfast. I have ordered it at 8.30. I know you are an early riser, so don't wait for me. I must get sleep when I can. And, by-the-way, if you hear the porch bell ring in the front about seven o'clock, you'll know it's the old woman come over to light the fires and boil the kettle." Then he went on, after a slight pause, during which he seemed to be revolving something in his mind, "And would you object, if you don't think I am stirring, to going down and letting her in? Because, you know, we are alone in the house; we've got the only two beds that are usable; and until we could furnish the house I was obliged to let the boy and the old woman go on sleeping in what was the gardener's cottage, where we put them during the alterations."

"Right you are, Sir," I answered; "I'll let her in. Don't disturb yourself; go on sleeping as long as you can; I am used to taking things in the rough."

It is unnecessary to describe the various rooms. Most of them were entirely empty; but our two, especially that set apart for me, had been fitted up with the best of the furniture found in the house. My chamber, which was not new, lay at the rear, and could formerly only be approached by the old staircase, which now, however, since the erection of the new flight, was to be kept merely for the servants' use. Of course, when my cousin and I took our candles, we went up by the new stairs, bidding each other good-night at my door. His room lay on the farther side of the landing at the head of the old stairs; and as he opened a red baize swing door which shut it off from the passage along which we had passed, he said, with a feeble laugh, "I shall have a bolt put on to this, for I must have the grand staircase used now by the 'quality' and no other. Mind you don't make a mistake in the morning, and go down the wrong way. You will remember, when the old woman rings, that the new flight of stairs will take you down exactly opposite to the porch door, just across the hall. Don't come this way; for though you can get into the hall from it, it properly leads to the back premises and kitchen. Good-night!"

Thus we parted the best of friends; and thinking over the strangeness of our relations, of my Quixotic notion of reforming and softening the character of this man, of its only partial success, unknowingly distrusting him, perhaps, all the while, I put out my candle and fell into a restless sleep, from which I almost immediately awoke.

At that moment a flash of light crossed the window facing the foot of the bed. Indeed, it was this which probably awakened me at first. I thought I was dreaming, but in an instant there came another dancing, flickering reflection of light through the curtain. Strange, surely, at this time of night, under the circumstances! What could it be? The natural prompting was to get up and look out. Pulling aside the blind, I found the window frosted with the cold, and upon rubbing the glass I could see there had been a fall of snow, and that I was gazing down into a corner of the stable yard. The lad, our "help," was moving about with a lantern, and presently entered one of the stables, left the door ajar, and remained some time within, during which there were sounds as if he were harnessing a horse. Then he came out, locked the door, hung the key up close against it, and disappeared.

"Nothing in that," said I, returning to bed. "I don't suppose he really was harnessing a horse; he had only neglected some bit of work which had to be done overnight."

But the episode had thoroughly aroused me, and, do what I would, I could not go to sleep again, and lay staring at the darkness for hours. It is said that the test of a man's moral courage should be made about two o'clock in the morning; if he be lying broad awake then, and has no qualms or thoughts of gloom and dread, he must be truly brave; and this hour, I discovered by striking my repeater, had just passed. It did not find me entirely free from a certain sense of vague apprehension and depression, the same kind of depression which was so new to me, and of which I had a slight foretaste as I rode up to the house.

Nearly three hours later, just as I was at last on the point of dropping off to sleep, I was again set broad awake by the creaking of a door, followed by the sound of a footstep stealthily descending the old back staircase. Suddenly remembering what Makerace had said about his restlessness, my inclination was to pay no heed to these noises; but a mysterious something, more powerful than my own will, insisted that I should, and in spite of every effort, I could not help listening, as if my life depended upon what I should hear.

Curious that I find myself uttering these words, which literally represent the fact. Then perversely, in a minute or two, when all was quiet again, I must needs want to hear more. I was disappointed that there was nothing more to hear, and in my irritable state I must forsooth spring out of bed, open the door quietly, and creep softly on to the landing. This time I was surprised to see a light inside the house. I was not three yards from the head of the upper flight of the new stairs, and by looking over the hand-rail could see where the broad landing joined the lower, and so down to its foot in the hall.

But here my surprise was intensified tenfold by beholding my cousin in the act of turning to and fro upon its base one of the newels which surmounted the pedestals at the termination of the balustrade.

He has set a small dark lantern on the lower stair; now he raises it, and by its light examines the carved ornament, which appears to move on a pivot. He works the piece of mechanism, whatever it is, several times, and eventually, seeming satisfied, creeps noiselessly out of sight. But the circumstance which startles and mystifies me beyond all else is that he wears a pair of short riding boots, with socks drawn over the feet to deaden the tread, and my cap and pea-jacket. Restraining the impulse to call to him, I go back to my room bewildered, and without making a sound. While striving to divine the meaning of what has passed, I am again attracted by a light flashing outside the window. Looking out as before, I dimly perceive, by the aid of the lantern he still carries, Makerace leading out of the stable my horse, saddled and bridled. Finally, after examining the stirrup leathers and girths, and softly closing the stable door, he puts out the light, and, I suppose, mounts and rides away. But the deep snow muffles every sound save the clank of a bolt in the direction of the stable gates; and beyond a ghostly paleness, which the white sheet now overspreading roofs and ground reflects for a few yards under the dark night, nothing can be seen.

Once give a naturally unsuspicious nature cause to suspect, and distrust becomes habitual, and often unreasonable. From the moment I saw Makerace intentionally disguised in my cap and coat I was convinced foul play was meditated. To instantly slip on some clothes was the unconscious act of the next few minutes; then, to make quite sure I was not dreaming, I took the candle which I had lighted, and walked straight into Makerace's room. Of course it was empty. A seaman's impulse to look out from aloft when off a dangerous coast urged me to ascend immediately to an attic window in the roof, whence a view of the whole country for miles round could be had. Yet it was barely six o'clock, and still pitch-dark. Nevertheless, putting out the light, up I went. Nothing was visible save the faint glimmer from the snow, which, I discovered by opening the window, had ceased falling; and a big star twinkling in the east seemed to betoken a clear morning. Sorely puzzled as to the best course to take, I lingered longer at the window, I suppose, than I thought, and at length became aware of the approach of dawn.

Gently, gently the night lifted, as I had seen it many a time from the mast-head; but the ghostly weird whiteness all around had a strange and rather appalling effect. As the country was gradually revealed, the sensation of solitude exceeded any thing I had ever experienced at sea. The main road to Worcester was only here and there marked by the thin lines of hedge-rows, which, with the straggling copse and larger trees, looked gaunt and fantastic under the weight of their winter garb. As the light increased, odd patches of dark in the hollows, indicating homesteads or solitary barns, plantations, ponds, or indescribable spots that stood conspicuous from being more sheltered and less snow-clad, became visible. Suddenly, as the morning brightened, I could trace in the snow a distinct line of horse's hoof prints along the lane that ran past the stable gates down from the house to the high-road. Clearly they showed the way Makerace had taken, and, if I may so express it, were the only signs of life to be seen; they seemed to give me a clew, and I followed it up eagerly. In places, however, it was lost; but my quick eye enabled me to take it up again and again where it crested hills, dipped into hollows, and emerged upon the succeeding side of the rising ground. For an inconceivable distance, all along the road toward Worcester, I plainly tracked the horse's hoof prints by the increasing light; then, remembering there was a telescope among my kit, I fetched it, and by its aid could make them out a great way farther.

I was in the act of lowering the glass, when a black speck moving along the last patch of roadway visible in the distance stopped me, and a close inspection of the object showed it to be a riderless horse. Yes, certainly; and I watched him quietly trotting by himself through that lonely waste until thick snow-flakes, which were again falling, shut him from my sight. What was I to understand? The next few minutes served, with what had gone before, to suggest the truth, to give me an inkling of Makerace's intentions, and I jumped to a conclusion, as by instinct; for who was this slouching up the hill through the straggling copse but the man himself—no longer wearing my pea-jacket and cap, but his own soft wide-awake and close-fitting shooting coat!

With the quickness of lightning I understood that he would wish it to appear that I had left the house, and—I hardly dared breathe it to myself—had come to some untimely end upon the road, which idea my riderless horse, by naturally returning to his stables in Worcester, would confirm; and that now, having prepared this show of facts, he was coming back to carry out on my person the remainder of the diabolical scheme, whatever it was, that he had planned—in short, by some means or other, here, with no one but ourselves in this isolated house, to make away with me. This, I say, was the conclusion I jumped to in far less time than it takes me to utter it, and a confirmation of these suspicions immediately followed. He was ringing at the front-door—*he*, who had gone out by the back, and could so return had he wished. But no; he was trying to bring me to the porch by the ring which he hoped I should understand as that of the old housekeeper coming to her morning's work. It was just the hour I was to expect her—seven.

As I glided from my post of observation at the window in the roof down to my own room, I decided what to do. I would leave the house by the stable yard if I could without being seen. I would not yet confront this man, for the dread with which his actions filled me was so overwhelming that whatever amount of superstition there may be in my nature forbade my disregarding it. Any where else I would face him, and make him explain himself; but not *here*, not in this house, where to me, within the last two or three hours, unseen dangers and treachery had appeared to start up from its very walls and foundations.

For his own sake he should not have the chance of completing the crime I felt he contemplated, and for my own sake I would not have the chance of his blood upon my hands, as in self-defense might happen.

Away, then, with the utmost speed; down the old stairs, and out by the back-door, through the stable yard, into the open snow-clad country. The gentle ringing in the front still continues while I huddle on some more clothing—is still continuing as I quit the house. Now straight to Nuncester, where dwells the friend whose advice I mean to seek. Softly closing the door after me, I find my way with great difficulty by a short-cut through the straggling copse to what I recognize as the right road to the little town. Two hours of heavy plodding in the face of the still fast-falling snow—which I welcome for the veil it throws over me and over my footsteps—and I stand, at 10 A.M., without having met a soul by the way, bare-headed, snow-besmirched, weary, and excited, looking like a hunted tramp, in front of a substantial house on the outskirts of Nuncester.

As I walk up the shrubbery I am seen by the inmate of a snug library on the ground-floor, and am admitted by him, with many an expression of surprise, before I have had time to lay my hand on the bell, which swings over the words, engraven on a brass plate, "Mr. Crouch, Solicitor."

"Can't agree with you; don't take your view of it at all. Queer and mysterious, no doubt; but not necessarily treachery; the fellow is mad. Open to explanation, I should think. Certainly shouldn't have done what you have. Don't mean to say there was not cause for caution; but, face to face, you are as good a man as he is, and, I should have thought, could have taken care of yourself. I would have had it out with him then and there; but then I'm matter of fact, and there's no romance or superstition about me."

This is the spirit in which I received John Dargle's account of himself, and which I have reproduced from the short-hand notes I took while he delivered it to me over the breakfast he so sorely needed after his tramp. I had not seen him for months; but, knowing the house to be nearly finished, was looking forward to having my old friend Mrs. Dargle and her son for neighbors. I had never quite seen the reason for Jack's magnanimity toward his cousin. I should never have had any thing to do with him, but I did not know him, and did not want. Father and son were both curmudgeons, to my thinking.

Well, John Dargle was much agitated, and inclined to be angry because I did not see the case with his eyes; but as I had known him from a boy to be always a dreamy, superstitious sort of chap, I made allowance, and as I had had a strong regard for his father, I said no more, but suggested that if I could manage to drive through the snow I would go to Chillestone at once, ask for John Dargle, and see what would happen. So we settled it, and further we agreed that I should take him with me to within half a mile of the house, and that when I had got about an hour's start, he should follow and put in an appearance there also. Meanwhile I was to act according to circumstances and what they might have revealed to me. And a pretty drive through that heavy snow we had! But it's as well I went, perhaps; and popping John out as agreed, I drove on the last half mile alone.

I had never seen this architect; but as the door was opened to me, when I drove up, by a sallow-faced, dark-haired young man, I concluded it was he, and from the first I did not like the look of him. He had a nasty pinched-up face, and furtive eyes which never rested straight on mine for a second from the beginning to the end of our acquaintance, though truly that was not a long one. If his appearance did not please me, certainly his answer to my inquiry for John Dargle pleased me less, and I began to modify the view I had taken of that young gentleman's story. I smelled a rat when Mr. Makerace told me that his cousin had been obliged to leave very early in the morning, owing to some letters he found on his arrival the day before, and which required his presence in London.

"He started by five this morning to ride to Worcester to catch the first up-train," said Makerace. "Mike here," pointing to the stable-boy, who had come round on the appearance of the dog-cart, "got his horse ready last night by my orders; didn't you, Mike?"

MAKERACE AT THE NEWEL.

"Ees, Sir," grinned Mike, "and I kind a seed un go off; leastways, I was awake about five, and seed a light a-moving in t' stable yard."

I controlled my countenance, and said: "That's very awkward. I had an appointment with him here at one o'clock, and I am expecting my clerk in half an hour or so to meet me. We were going into some business matters with Mr. Dargle. What can I do?"

"I don't know really," was the answer. "He won't be here to-day."

"Humph! Well, will you allow me to wait a little, that I may not miss my clerk, as I shall have to take him back?"

"Oh yes, if you wish; but the place is very unfinished."

I could see he wanted to get rid of me, and, of course, *now* I was determined he should *not*.

"Never mind. There's a fire in the hall, I see. I'll just sit down there, if you please, until my man comes."

And was not I glad my man *was* coming, to give the lie point-blank to this rascal? There would be a scene, I thought, and it would be amusing. But what a scene! Who could have anticipated it? Not the wildest romancer; certainly not such a prosaic old fellow as I.

Very reluctantly I was allowed to enter, and the dog-cart was taken to the stables. I warmed myself at the fire, looked curiously toward the staircase at the back of the hall, made one or two commonplace remarks, and sat down. Makerace was evidently very uncomfortable, and after fidgeting about for a few minutes, suddenly remembered he had a letter to write, asked to be excused, and retreated up the staircase. A strong curiosity to examine the newels of the balustrade, which John had made such a rigmarole about, was on me directly I caught sight of them, and the moment I was alone I gratified it.

The first I touched on the right was quite solid and immovable; but the other, sure enough, yielded to my attempt to turn it, and went smoothly, as if on a pivot, two sides round; yet each face being equal, it did not show that it had been meddled with, and I turned it back again to its former position. Trying it once more, thus bringing it again two sides round, wondering what the deuce it meant, and before I could re-turn it I heard Makerace's footstep above.

Not wishing to be caught prying, I dropped my hands behind me, and stood pretending to admire the staircase. At that moment the porch bell rang, I guessed who it was, straightway opened the door, and admitted John Dargle. Motioning him to be silent, we both advanced to the foot of the stairs.

"My clerk has arrived, Mr. Makerace," I called up then; "but I should like to leave a message if you will step down."

We heard him coming, and saw his hand gliding along the upper balustrade. He reached the last stair which turned on to the landing at the head of the flight, at the bottom of which we stood. He saw us—saw John, unmistakably John Dargle—with the light from the window above falling full on him.

There was a pause—neither of us stirred. Evidently Makerace's first impulse was to retreat; but appearing to recover his presence of mind, he broke into a short forced laugh, stepped forward on to the landing, and—disappeared!—dropped straight through the floor almost without a sound!

Wonder and consternation seized us—at least me; but Jack seemed to have a glimmering of the truth. Catching my arm, he exclaimed:

"There! I knew there was some devilry on these stairs. Have you touched the newel?"

"Yes."

"Then, by Heaven, we've got at the secret!"

We rushed up to the edge of the landing. Very cautiously Jack put one foot lightly upon it. The floor yielded. Two broad planks yielded with a spring, and opened more than wide enough to admit a man's body. Released from the pressure of the foot, they returned to their place, looking flat and solid, giving no hint of their treachery, and forming what is called on the stage a "vampire trap."

Shouts and calls bring round the old housekeeper and the boy. Slowly they are made to understand what has happened. Nothing can be seen down the hole, and nothing can be heard. The man has disappeared as thoroughly as if he had never been. Jack is for going down by a ladder, but the old woman, with unexpected intelligence, suggests the cellar under the stairs. "Mr. Makerace has the key."

"A hatchet, then, quick!" cries Jack; and in another minute or two he is battering in the polished panels of a hitherto unnoticed door by the side of and beneath the first flight of stairs.

"A light! bring a light!" he again cries; and in a few more minutes we have all entered, and are standing round the exterior of a kind of shaft of planking connecting the landing, now but a foot or two above our heads, with the ground on which we stand. More hacking and battering, and the base of the wood-work is partially removed—removed sufficiently to reveal the top of the old well, across which is fitted a second trap, precisely similar in action to the one above—an adaptation, indeed (with a spring), of the usual covering of draw-wells. Once more the hatchet has to be vigorously used, for the spring which has been attached to the trap refuses to yield except to a downward pressure. It will allow any thing to descend, but nothing to come up—a horizontal rat-trap, in fact.

Smashing and wrenching away at the wood-work, the water becomes visible as we bend over with the lantern.

"There wertn't above eight feet of it," says Mike, "when it was kivered up. Let I fetch a ladder and a rake."

After a little delay they are brought, and the ladder reaches to the bottom, some twelve or fifteen feet below.

Jack is the first to descend, but presently the two are down, with the lantern, and struggling with a heavy weight. Slowly and with difficulty they bring it up to the edge of the well, and the pale yellow light falls upon the lifeless body of William Makerace, drowned like a rat in a hole by his own devilish contrivance, and without being able to utter a cry!

Here was the secret of the stair, indeed; and it was not very difficult to divine who was to have been let into it.

Night had come before the constabulary of Nuncester were on the spot, and very few more details will complete my story.

At the inquest the old housekeeper bore out our conclusions, as, indeed, did all the witnesses. She had been told, with the boy Mike, that Mr. Dargle would have to leave very early in the morning, and that his horse was to be left ready saddled in the stall. Breakfast would only be required for one, and she was not to come round to the house or disturb Mr. Makerace till ten o'clock. He had been in the habit of locking himself in, and had been alone in the house for more than a week. She had often seen him sawing planks at a bench the carpenters had left. He told her he was putting up shelves in the cupboard under the stairs. She had also noticed that one of the ornaments on the baluster had been removed, and was afterward put back. Latterly the deceased had looked a little "queer like," she thought.

A farm laborer deposed to seeing a riderless horse trotting up Honeygrove Hill as he was going to his work on the morning in question; and coming upon the animal's hoof prints as he reached the road, he tracked them back—they lying in his way—to Honeygrove Bottom. There, against one of the buttresses of the bridge which crosses the little river Glebe, he saw lying half on the ice and half in the water a sailor's pea-jacket. On scrambling down to it, he came upon a cap (produced with the jacket, and identified as Mr. Dargle's). He secured them, and observed that the ice was much broken near the middle of the stream, as if something had fallen through it. There were a man's footsteps in addition to those of the horse all about the spot; but while he was examining these marks it came on to snow heavily, and they were soon all hidden.

The owner of the livery-stables at Worcester stated that on the morning succeeding the day on which Mr. Dargle had hired the horse the creature returned to the yard by itself; but he did not know the rights of the case until summoned to the inquest.

The chief of the county constabulary stated that he had made a minute inspection of the place where the deceased met his death, and that he found the turning of the newel acted upon a bolt under the trap on the stair landing. When turned in one direction, the planking was supported by it; but when in the other, the support being withdrawn, the planking would open at the slightest pressure.

The foreman of the works stated that any such apparatus was quite unknown to him, and that no springs or shafts of wood-work connecting the landing with the well had been made under his eyes; the well had been left planked over merely, according to Mr. Makerace's orders.

The jury inspected the mechanism of the stairs before retiring to consider their verdict.

When they returned, the foreman said: "They found that the deceased had come to his death by falling into a well through a trap-door, which had been unfastened accidentally by Mr. Crouch while that witness was examining the ornament by which the bolt was turned; but by whom and for what purpose such a contrivance had been constructed there was no evidence to show."

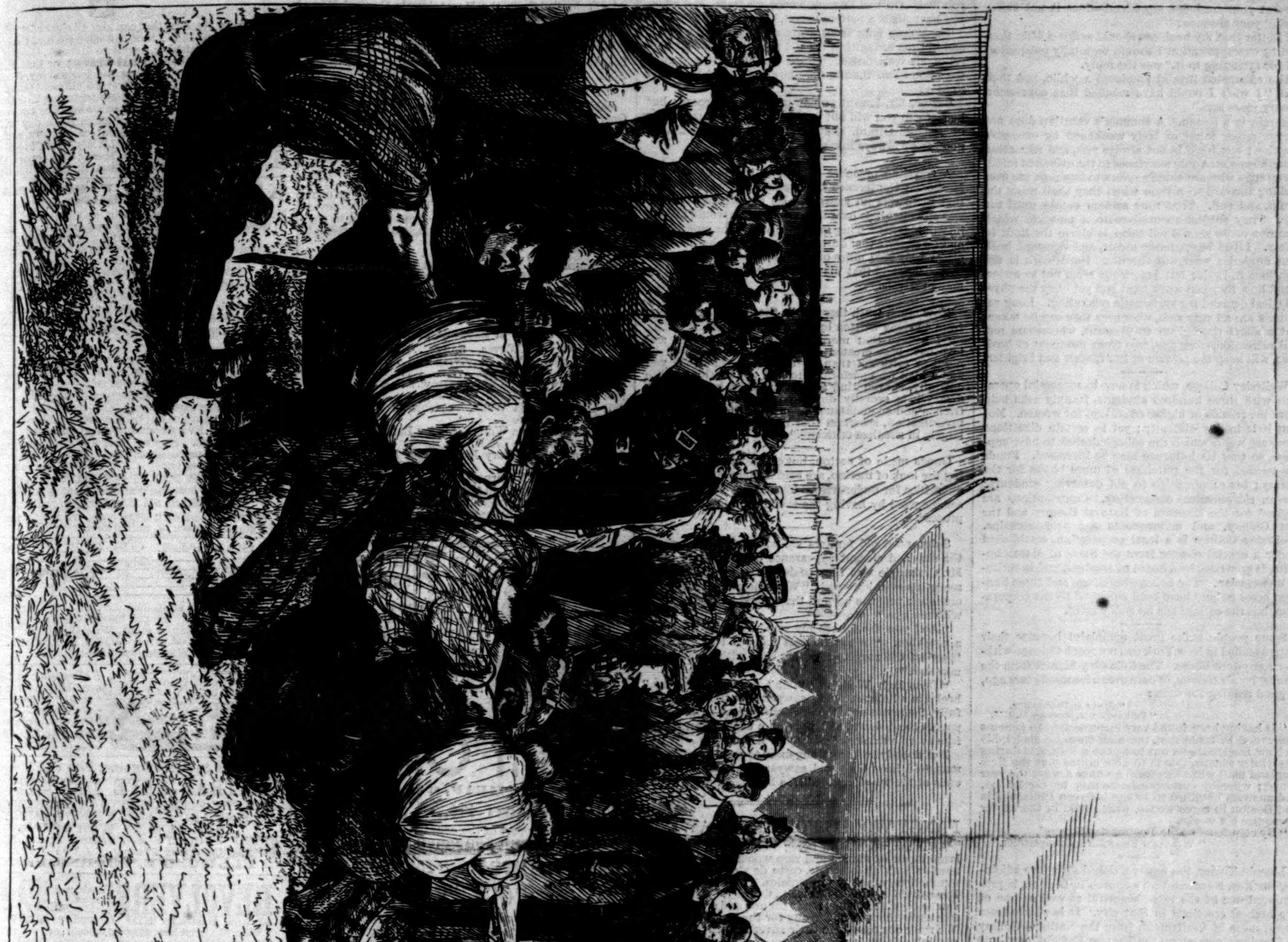
"No evidence to show," very likely; but we may draw our own conclusions without being all of us lawyers. Anyway, John Dargle drew his, and very soon sold the Chillestone property. His impressionable nature—which, by-the-way, from laying him open to a presentiment of danger, probably saved his life—made him shrink from adopting the house as his home. Of course he thought no more of eating his Christmas dinner there: he and his mother shared that meal with me.

Over our wine, and while discussing the topic uppermost in our minds, I asked him whether he thought Makerace had supposed his plan had been successful.

"Certainly," said Jack. "He concluded that as I came down the stairs to open the door to the supposed housekeeper I fell through, which I should have done, without making more noise than he did, if it had not been for my own wariness and wakefulness; and when he thought it was all over with me, he doubtless entered the house by the back way, as he had gone out. He imagined I was safe in the depths of the well. Whether he intended to leave my body there forever will never be known. No; had I fallen into his trap, it would have gone forth that I had committed suicide. The scrimmage in the snow and ice at the bridge, spoken of by the laborer, and the finding of the cap and coat, would have been a sort of proof; but, of course, my unlucky remains would never have been found. Such disappearances have happened before now."

THE TUG OF WAR.

This engraving represents a game which is played to a great extent in the British army. It is very simple, but sometimes very amusing. Twenty picked men from different regiments, ten on each side, take hold of opposite ends of a rope, and each party tries to pull the other over a line drawn between them on the ground.



THE TUG OF WAR.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

From the early ballads concerning this famous individual, so renowned in every land, we learn that he was the offspring of a "proper young wench and a fairy," who was no less a person than Oberon, King of Fairy-land. Roguery and sportiveness were his characteristics, and in the reign of Elizabeth he was "famozed in every old wives' chronicle for his mad merrye prankes."

In his youth Robin displayed such mischievous tricks that his mother found it necessary to promise him a whipping. He ran away from home, and engaged in business with a tailor, from whom he also eloped. When tired he sat down and fell asleep, and in his sleep he had a vision of fairies. On awaking he found lying beside him a scroll, evidently left by his father, which in verses written in letters of gold informed him that he should have any thing he wished for, and also the power of turning himself into various shapes; but he was to harm none but knaves, and was to "love those that honest be, and help them in extremity."

As a specimen of his mad pranks, Robin went one day to a wedding as a fiddler, and was a welcome guest; but in the evening "then hee beganne to play his merry trickes in this manner: first hee put out the candles, and then, being darke, hee strucke the men good boxes one the eares; they, thinking it had beene those that did sit next them, fell a-fighting one with the other, so that there was not one of them but had either a broken head or a bloody nose." Supper being ended, a great posset was brought out. "At this Robin's teeth did water, for it looked so lovely that hee could not keepe from it. To attain to his wish, he did turn himself into a beare. Both men and women, seeing a beare among them, ranne away, and left the whole posset to Robin. He quickly made an end of it, and went away without his money, for the sport hee had was better to him than any money whatsoever."

Although Robin was a sprite particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestic peace, he was believed to be easily propitiated. If a bowl of milk or curds and cream were duly laid out for him, he would at midnight perform for the servants many household duties. If this were neglected, Robin would revenge himself by pinching and otherwise annoying the inmates of the house. Shakspeare thus describes Robin's peculiarities:

"Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery,
Skims milk, and sometimes labors in the quern,
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn,
And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm,
Misleads night wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME months ago a sensible business man, while traveling at the South, fell in with an invalid gentleman. In the course of conversation the latter remarked to the former, "I suppose you also must be something of an invalid, as you are devoting so much time to traveling."

"Not at all," replied the business man; "I am in the best of health; but I am traveling so that I may retain my vigor."

"But your business, my friend—does it not suffer during your absence?"

"Better that my business should suffer a little than that by overapplication I should be totally incapacitated for attending to it," was the reply.

The exhausted invalid pondered a while, and then said, "I wish *I* could have reached that conclusion twenty years ago."

Herein is a lesson. A summer's vacation does not always repair mind or body weakened by excessive exertion; rest itself is not always rest, and recreation sometimes seems only weariness to the overtired mind. Thousands who are simply slaves to business are ever looking forward to a time when they shall relax the strain, and rest. That time seldom comes until too late. They subject themselves to a pressure which common-sense should tell them is above the limit of safety. Little sleep, hasty meals, and constant business anxieties wear out the life. Hard work is not injurious in itself; but Americans seem not to understand how they can work hard and yet obey the physiological demand for systematic relaxation. Long vacations are all very well, whenever they can be taken, but a short time given to pleasant, wholesome rest and recreation *every day*, free from thoughts of business, will keep the powers of life fresher and brighter.

Wellesley College, which is now in successful operation with three hundred students, frankly asks help from the friends of higher education for women. Not that it is in any difficulty; yet in certain directions there are wants which the college desires to have supplied, so that its influence may be increased. Funds are needed for the purchase of more books for the library; for scholarships to aid deserving students; for an astronomical observatory. Contributions are desired for the Museum of Natural History and the Art Gallery, and endowments for professorships. Wellesley College is a legal corporation, established under a special charter from the State of Massachusetts, is governed by a board of trustees, and is entirely unsectarian. The college buildings and three hundred acres of land have been conveyed to the corporation, but the college has no endowment.

Some people make great complaint because their letters mailed in New York can not reach Chicago within twenty-four hours. The following extract from the Pennsylvania *Gazette*, of date over a hundred years ago, is good reading for such:

> "GENERAL POST-OFFICE,
> "PHILADELPHIA, *February* 14, 1775.
>
> "It having been found very inconvenient to persons concerned in trade that the mail from 'Philadelphia to New England' sets out but once a fortnight during the winter season, this is to give notice that the New England mail will henceforth go once a week the year round; whereby correspondence may be carried on, and answers obtained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston in three weeks, which used in the winter to require six weeks.
>
> "By command of the Postmaster-General,
> "WILLIAM FRANKLIN, Comptroller."

Lincoln Tower, the newly finished structure adjoining the Rev. Newman Hall's church in London, is pronounced one of the most beautiful as well as one of the highest erections in that city. It is visible from the Houses of Parliament, from the National Gallery at Charing Cross, along the Thames Embankment, and from Westminster, Waterloo, and Blackfriars bridges. Its entire height is about 220 feet.

The Museum of Archæology in Central Park has recently added to its collection the results of Dr. E. H. Davis's studies concerning the race of mound-builders who in prehistoric times occupied the Mississippi Valley. The collection of stone and copper implements, utensils, and casts will be very valuable to the student of American antiquities.

In the autumn season harvest festivals and thanksgiving services are held in every county in England, and in many London and suburban churches the "first-fruits" are brought in and laid upon the sacred altar, in accordance with one of the oldest commands of the Old Testament. The *Court Circular* gives an account of recent services of this kind held at St. Peter's, Cornhill, a church having the repute of being the oldest in London, its foundation dating back as far as the second century of the Christian era. The original building was destroyed by the fire of 1666, and the present structure was erected mainly under the superintendence and from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. The harvest festival service was held at this venerable church on the second Sunday in October. The work of decorating the church was assumed by certain ladies, who succeeded in producing charming effects with pumpkins, potatoes, marrows, wheat ears, and with fruits, flowers, and evergreens of various kinds. "Extremely picturesque," was the general comment of the large audience. After the religious services were over, the fruits and vegetables, as well as the money contributions, were sent to the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital.

A curious contrivance has been adopted by the Money Order Department of the New York Post-office. It consists of a belt carried by electricity, which runs from the clerks' desks to the cashier's desk. When a clerk at one of the wickets issues a check upon the cashier at the other end of the room, he deposits simultaneously upon the traveling belt a duplicate that reaches the cashier before the man with the original check presents it, and thus all delays and mistakes are avoided.

Resolutions have been adopted by the Brooklyn Police Board forbidding officers and patrolmen of the force to carry fire-arms between the hours of 6 A.M. and 5 P.M., unless especially ordered so to do by the board or the superintendent.

A gentleman who was a guest at the Belmont House in Boston was recently found dead in his bed. The room was filled with gas, and it was still escaping from the burner. He had evidently blown out the gas on retiring.

London reporters are mourning. They saw the Prince of Wales kiss somebody at the railway station before the train took him and his wife to Dover, a short time before the Prince left for India. All the reporters witnessed the salute, but none of them could discover who was the saluted. Some say it was his sister, the Princess Louise, others his sister-in-law, the Princess Dagmar; but nobody knows. It will remain, perhaps forever, one of the mysteries of the press.

"Now go and learn a trade," said Stephen Girard to a clerk, who, having served him faithfully from boyhood, went to him on his twenty-first birthday expecting promotion.

"What trade, Sir?"

"Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade, and when you have made a perfect barrel, bring it to me."

The young man went away and learned the trade, and in time brought to his old master a splendid barrel of his own make. Girard examined it, and gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, and then said to him:

"Now, Sir, I want you in my counting-room; but henceforth you will not be dependent upon the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come, you have a good trade always in reserve."

A traveling preacher applied to the West Virginia Methodist Conference for a place, and was informed that there was no vacancy. He replied that if there was any circuit so hard that nobody else would take it, he would try it. They gave him one in the mountains, and he reports that during the past year he has traveled nearly 2500 miles on foot, and as much more on horseback, and that his labors have been followed by many revivals.

How much truth there is in the following passage from an essay written by Sir Arthur Helps:

> "I believe that more breaches of friendship and love have been created and more hatred cemented by needless criticism than by any other thing. If you find a man who performs most of the relations of life dutifully, is even kind and affectionate, but who, you discover, is secretly disliked and feared by all his friends and acquaintances, you will often, on further investigation, ascertain that he is one who indulges largely in needless criticism."

Goods made of cotton, but called merino, and having the look of merino, are sold in the market in large quantities for under-wear. The cotton is made to resemble wool by having the surface raised by a special process.

Substantial old farmers vie with each other about the size and elegant appearance of their wood piles. Mr. Crabapple was thus praising the gentleman who recently sawed his wood: "When he piles the wood, if one stick projects beyond the others, he pounds it in with the axe."

"Ah! you should see my wood sawyer," remarked a neighbor. "When he gets the wood all piled, he takes off the rough projecting ends with a claw-hammer saw."

"Does he? Well, he couldn't saw wood for me," broke in a listener. "My sawyer piles the wood carefully, then goes over the ends with a jack-plane, sandpapers them down, and puts on a coat of varnish before ever he thinks of asking for his pay."

But nobody had any thing more to say after a fourth man told how his wood sawyer silver-plated all the ends of the wood, and nailed a handle on every stick.

FANCY WOODS FOR FRET SAWING.

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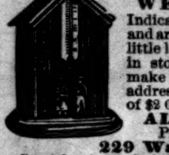

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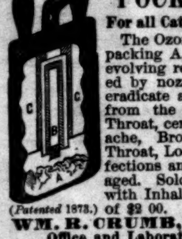

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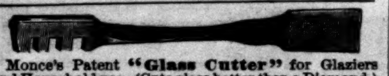

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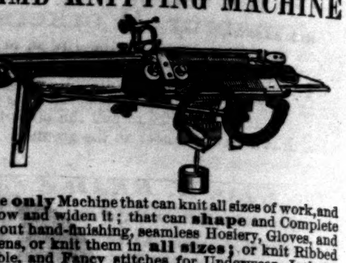

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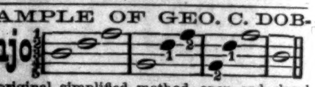

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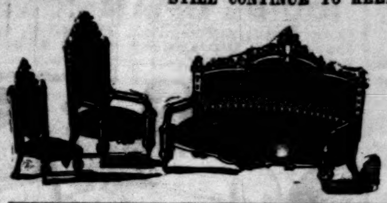

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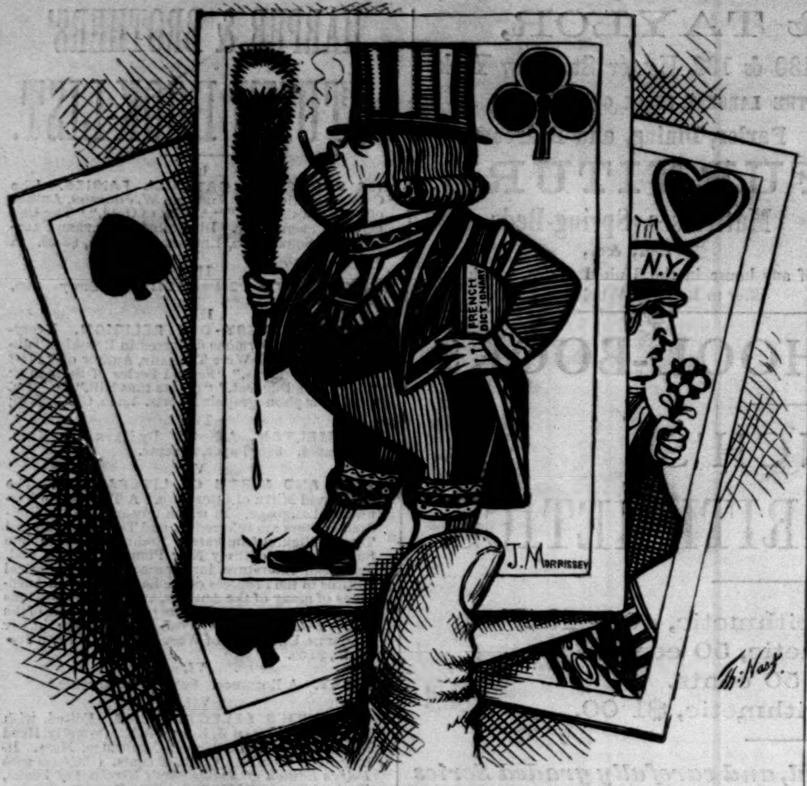

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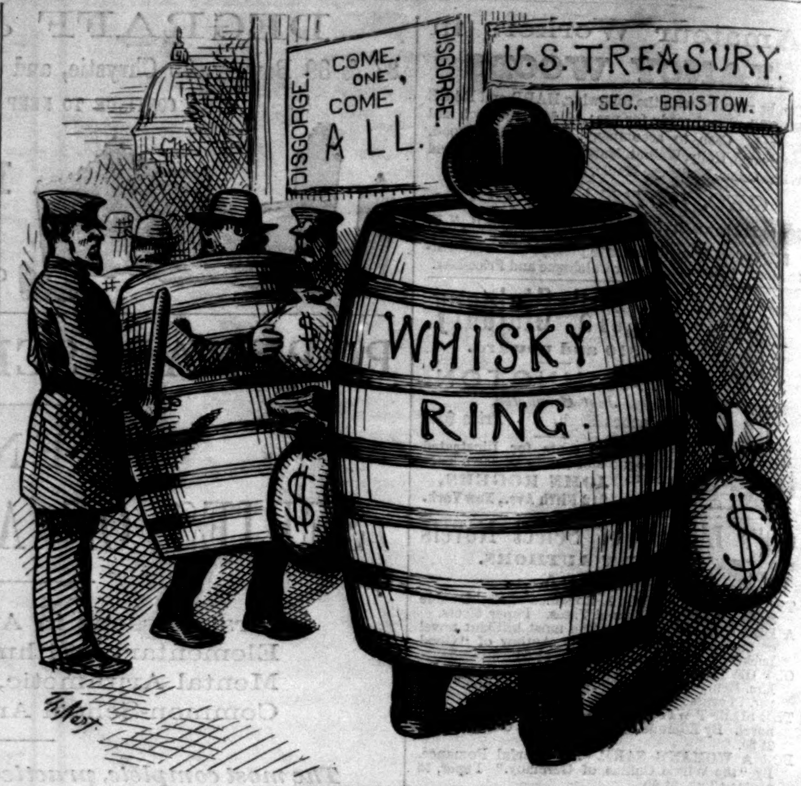

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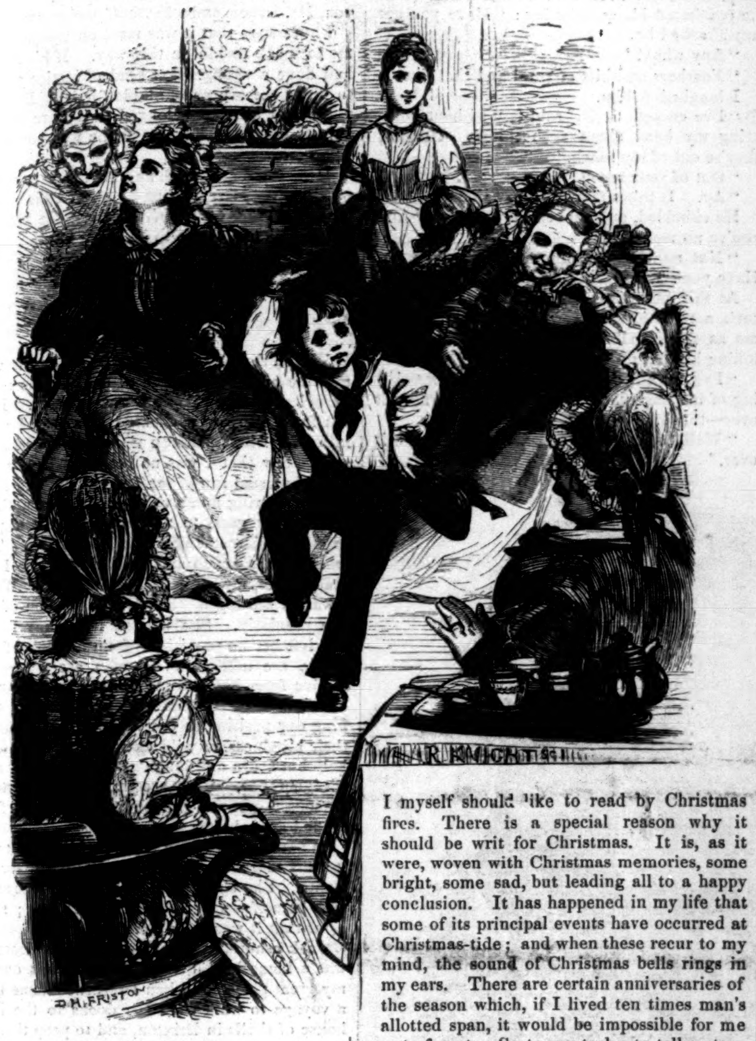


INTRODUCTION.

STRANGER THAN A DREAM.

IT is so close to Christmas, dear mates and friends, that but a few hours will pass before the holy day is here. The third rising of the sun will usher it in, and with it a wealth of kindly feeling to beautify the world. The snow lies soft and light on every branch and twig in my garden, and what was dark is made bright by purity; for white is its emblem, and it is fit and beautiful that it should fall at such a time of love and charity. The good Lord grant that it and the lessons it teaches may flourish till the Last Day! To me it brings strange memories, yet so sweet that I bless the good time as every fading year heralds it, though every fading year draws me nearer to the grave—as it does every one of us, from the baby in his cradle to him who has lived his days and is waiting.

It is a strange story, this of mine, and I will try to tell it straight, though I may ramble a bit. Sitting here alone in my quiet little room—Alone? No; for the spirit of love robs the solitude of loneliness, and that is with me—Sitting here, then, in my quiet little room, with hardly a sound to distract my attention, it is hard to believe that I have seen what I have seen. I know full well that the peacefulest life may contain storms and heart-shocks incredible to believe in before they burst; I know what poison lurks in hypocrisy and selfishness; I know what wounds are inflicted by mean-spiritedness and base-mindedness; but few men have undergone such experiences as have been ordained to me. As I turn my eyes inward to the past, wild lightning-flashes, solemn thunderous sounds, the whirl of furious seas, make themselves seen and heard. And not these alone, thank the good Lord. While these convulsions are troubling my soul there is shed upon them, like oil upon the troubled waters, the tender, peaceful influence of a child—of a child, now a woman, upon whose breast my head has often lain. Her face is pure and fair; love is deeply seated in her eyes; and on her forehead, in my fancy, shines a pale blue star, in the soft light of which the wild storms of my life are hushed.

Yes; it is a strange story, and I will tell it as well as it is in my power to do, believing it to be a story which, were it told by another man, I myself should like to read by Christmas fires. There is a special reason why it should be writ for Christmas. It is, as it were, woven with Christmas memories, some bright, some sad, but leading all to a happy conclusion. It has happened in my life that some of its principal events have occurred at Christmas-tide; and when these recur to my mind, the sound of Christmas bells rings in my ears. There are certain anniversaries of the season which, if I lived ten times man's allotted span, it would be impossible for me ever to forget. So to my task—to tell a story which is stranger than a dream.

I.

WHAT BEECROFT, MARINER, HEARD AND SAW IN THE SHELLS.

WE lived in a little cottage at Brixton, situated in a lane behind the broad highway. At that time there were three of us: Beecroft, Mariner; Mary Beecroft, his wife; and I, Amos, their son. Brixton then was not what Brixton is now; there was more country about, more fields and trees, though there are pretty bits to be found there to-day, if you search for them. The old cottage stands there still, mellowed by age, and prettier by contrast with its newer fellows that have grown round about it; but Beecroft, Mariner's, cheery "Yo, heave, ho!" is no longer heard within or without its walls. For a sufficient reason: he rests in another kind of habitation. His bones lie at the bottom of the Atlantic. But I, Amos Beecroft, live there at this day, surrounded by memorials of Beecroft, Mariner's, love.

Now if you want me to describe our cottage, and to describe it briefly—you being in a hurry, perhaps, as every body is in these bustling times—I can do so in one word: Shells. It seemed to be built almost entirely of shells; they met you whichever way you turned, whichever way you looked. About the mantel-piece, on the walls, in the centre of the ceiling (from which sometimes one would drop down with a bang), in frames, under glass shades, and skirting my mother's work-box and the looking-glass in her bedroom. Even the tiny plot of ground in front of our cottage—the little plot of garden that was cut off from the foot-path by green wooden palings and a green wooden gate—even that was decorated with them. They were of all shapes and colors, and occasionally—Beecroft, Mariner, being a whimsical old salt—were turned to odd use. As an instance, in this way: My mother had a favorite cat, Tommy, which in the course of nature died. Beecroft, Mariner, being at home at the time, and having a number of loose shells which he desired to use up, thus devoted them: he had the cat stuffed, and stuck the shells on its back, to the tune of "This is Tommy." He showed this piece of ingenuity to a friend, who had the reputation of being a scholar. The friend took exception to the inscription.

"What's the matter with it?" asked my father.

"Tommy no longer *is*," replied the scholar. "The inscription should read, 'This *was* Tommy.'"

My father chewed a great many quids over this suggestion, and finding it difficult to decide whether he or his friend was right, compromised matters by sticking "was" over "is."

"Now they can take their choice," said he.

As another instance, in which I, unconsciously, was deeply interested: On one occasion, when Beecroft, Mariner, was kissing his wife, and bidding her good-by with more than ordinary tenderness—he being about to depart on a long voyage, and I being soon expected to make my first appearance in the world—he directed her attention to a large parcel, which he placed at the bottom of an old hairy sea-chest—a very ancient specimen indeed, being almost bald, not to say mangy—and whispered to her that when her time came this parcel was to be undone, and the contents displayed on the little table in her bedroom. Her time came duly, and my father's directions were implicitly followed, when there came forth a large pincushion, with "Welcome, Little Stranger," set out on it in small pearls of shells. My mother, as you may guess, was delighted with this mark of love and consideration from her man, who was thousands of miles away when his boy was born; but some of her female acquaintances—of course I am speaking only from hearsay—viewed it with much disfavor. They were doubtless old-fashioned people, and regarded the shells as a poor and injudicious substitute for pins. Nay, I believe they attempted to remove the objectionable Welcome by force, and that my mother, fighting for her treasure as though it were a thing of flesh and blood, and triumphing, so far excited their ire as to cause them to declare that the unoffending little stranger would be sure to come to no good.

The shells that met your eye in every corner of the cottage had been gathered north, south, east, and west of the globe; and so that there should be no mistake as to whose residence it was, "Beecroft, Mariner," was woven outside in shells from various shores, directly above the low window which looked into our little front parlor. It may be well understood, therefore, that Beecroft, Mariner's, cottage was pretty well known round about. It served, indeed, as a kind of landmark in the neighborhood, and my father, as I understand, was looked upon as a character. Not by any means as an objectionable character, for every body had a smile for him, for the simple reason, I expect, that he himself had a smile and a good word for every body. Natural kindliness of manner is a good capital to go through life upon, and if, as it often does, it meets with a bad return—(for there are in the world souls so base as to be incapable of a generous sentiment)—it is, after all, but a repetition of an experience which falls to the lot of many good fellows. Beecroft, Mariner, was emphatically a good fellow, and I assert it in no partial spirit. Every body who knew him would say the same. He was a man to be proud of as a father; and I wish no one in the world a better. It was my greatest delight, as a youngster, to walk by his side through the Brixton streets, with my little hand in his big one, and to imitate his walk, the roll of his body, and the very expression on his face, to let the people know that I was Beecroft, Mariner's, son. His shells were my delight as a boy; and on some of the few evenings in the year he spent at home with us, he would take me between his knees, and tell me stories of the sea in connection with these pets of his. What wonder, then, that I grew to love both it and them?

"You see, my son," he said—he always addressed me thus, and occasionally my mother took after him—"you see, my son, when I am away your mother can't help but think of me. And why? Because of these shells. She puts one of 'em to her ear, and she says, 'Now I'm on the sea with Beecroft, Mariner, the father of my boy.' She follows me about to different places; that's how it is. And shells have different voices. They tell you almost every thing about the sea you'd like to know. Listen to this," and he put a shell to my ear. "Can't you hear a storm brewing? And here's the wind howling through a pitch-black night; and here's a mermaid singing; and here's the soft flapping of the sails as we lay becalmed, praying for a breeze; and here—shut your eyes, my son—here we are surrounded by great white ghosts—icebergs, my son, with sea-voices all about us."

I listened in a kind of rapture to such utterances as these, and saw and heard in the shells all that my father described with rough and eloquent tongue. If he could have found and brought home a shell large enough for us all to live in, I believe he would have been the happiest man alive.

Sitting at home with us one evening, he said, half in jest, half in earnest, "I should like to be buried in a shell coffin, in a grave lined with shells."

Now it was a circumstance to be superstitiously remembered in after-days, that, as he uttered these words in the little parlor at Brixton, a shell fell from the ceiling and grazed his hand.

"Oh, my dear!" cried my mother, starting up in a flutter.

Beecroft, Mariner, wiped the blood from his hand with a smile, but immediately afterward gazed at the delinquent shell with an air which implied that it had been guilty of a breach of duty, and ought to be condemned to walk the plank.

"Oh, my dear!" cried my mother again; "how can you say such things?"

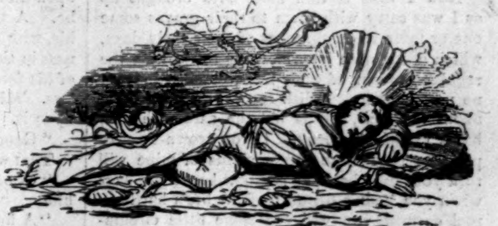
"Well, but I *should* like to be buried in just such a grave," he said, with light persistence. "We *must* be buried some time and somewhere, and that's my fancy."

She said nothing in reply; but a shudder passed through her at the mere suggestion of my father's death.

In a certain way he had his wish, though the pattern of his grave was different, and his coffin a more spacious one than was meant in his expression. He died when I was seven years of age. On a dark night, during a sudden and raging storm, while helping to reef the maintop-gallant sail, he lost his hold, and slipped into the grave of the Atlantic. As the wild waves received and closed over him, blotting him out of the world for ever and ever, perhaps a vision came upon him of his wife and child in their little cottage at Brixton, brightened by the mementos of his love; and perhaps, in the midst of his brief agony, it brought a spark of comfort to him. It does me good to think of his last moments in this way, and to believe that he breathed a "God bless you!" to those dear ones from whom the sea was snatching him. He could have had no time for more—no time, according to the accounts we received, to fight for his life. The waters were too eager and angry. He went swift to his fate. But one minute after he fell he must have been a dead man.

Thus my father, Beecroft, Mariner, passed away, in the performance of his duty. This being mentioned in the letter which brought my mother the sad news—as to his dying doing his duty, I mean—cut her two ways. It was in some sense a consolation to her, but it increased her grief at the loss of such a man. Now, my feelings were of a different nature.

I was a sailor before my father's death, and the manner of his death did not frighten me. It was a proper sailor's death, I thought in my childish way, and I was proud of my father for dying it, and proud of myself for being such a sailor's son. Sometimes of a night, when I was abed, I would put a shell to my ear, and, with my eyes closed, I would see my father floating down to the bottom of the sea, where he would lie with a cheery and smiling face, among beautiful sea-weed and coral and shells of pearl. I never in these fancies saw him with any but a cheerful and smiling face. Really, I had been a sailor in my heart from my cradle upward. I do not know whether this came from innate love or from education; but I *do* know that, whether I was bred or born to it, I loved the sea with a deep and passionate love. Never have I forgotten the first time I saw it. It stretched before me calm and vast, and over the water-line in the distance lay the wonders which I should one day see. They were hidden from me now, but the time would come. I was silent from joy. That is the world, thought I—*my* world, in which I shall live and be a sailor, like my father. I regarded the land as of the very smallest consequence; it occupied but an insignificant position in the universe according to my reckoning.



II.

I OFFER TO BUY A FEW MERMAIDS FOR MR. DRUCE.

IT is not to be wondered at that I had such ideas, for my inclination for the sea was fostered and encouraged in every conceivable way. I was the sailor pet of the neighborhood, and from the time that I remembered myself I was always dressed sailor fashion. I haven't the slightest doubt, judging from the impressions I gathered, that the children in the neighborhood regarded me as something particularly marvelous, and that no high admiral, however fine and grand his cocked hat and sword and gold-laced clothes might be, would have held a higher position in their estimation than young Amos Beecroft. That the reputation I enjoyed came from no merit in myself did not disturb me; but as that same obliviousness is frequently observable in children of a larger growth, I may be readily excused for it. I dare say I considered myself a person of vast consequence. I know well enough that it was with no small pride I used to contemplate my figure when I was dressed in my blue trowsers, very tight at the knee and very wide at the ankle, and my little sailor's hat, with its piece of blue ribbon and the name of my father's ship stamped upon it; and, in gleeful imitation of my sailor friends, I did, I do believe, from the age of three, begin to roll about like a porpoise, and to hitch up my waistband in a dainty way, thinking it a fine and manly thing to do. I did not chew: I had not yet arrived at the dignity of a quid; but I watched my father, and imitated him secretly with pieces of paper in my cheek, waiting and longing for the day when I might enjoy the real thing. During my apprenticeship in this art I went through some dangerous experiences by reason of the paper quids slipping down my throat, and indeed it was a mercy I was not choked by my ambition.

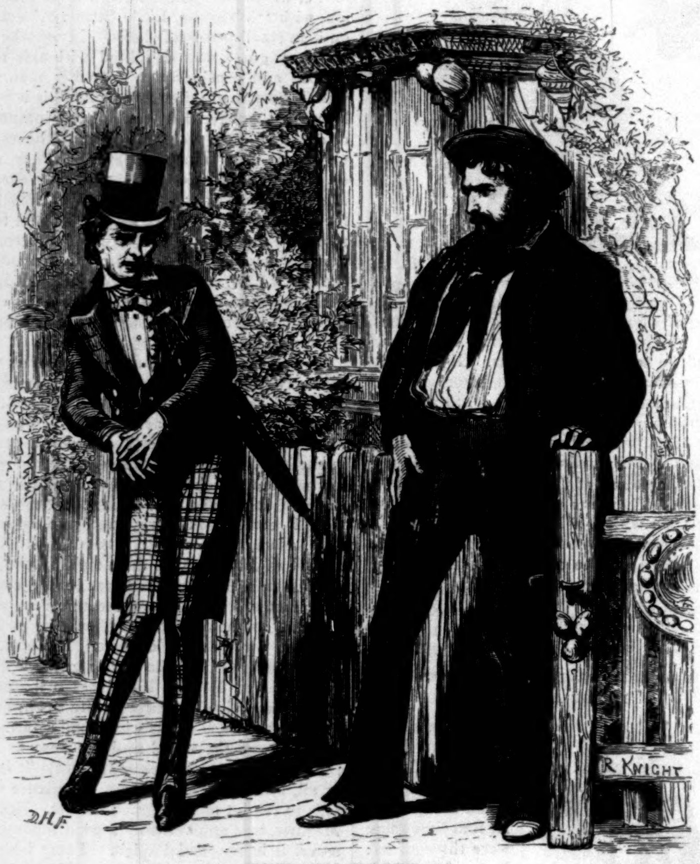
Another of my accomplishments—how I gained it the time is too far off or my memory too treacherous for me to remember—was the dancing of the hornpipe, in which I was led to believe, by partial and flattering tongues, that I could beat the best sailors five times my age. I am free to confess that such flatteries fell on an ear only too willing to receive them. On one memorable night, when my mother had a few friends to tea, I was desired to show what a prodigy I was in the saltatory art. I was already dressed in my sailor clothes, prepared for the occasion by an overfond mother, who artfully led the way to this climax, suggesting it as though it were quite a sudden thought, instead of being anxiously premeditated. The table being pushed into a corner, and the centre of the room cleared, I, without any exhibition of false modesty, took possession of my stage, and with a preliminary duck of my head and a professional hitch at my waistband, set my arms akimbo and began to dance, and danced till my legs ached, and would have danced until they dropped off, had I been permitted to do so. If any doubts had hitherto existed in my mind that I was a hero, they were dispelled on that evening, and I held up my head like the vainest turkey-cock. My mother's friends on that occasion were chiefly old women, and they wagged their heads and pinched their sides, so that I almost expected, in the midst of my whirling, to see them tumble to pieces; and the more they cackled and wagged their heads, the greater energy I threw into my limbs, flinging them about as though they were windmills under the influence of the strongest of winds. The memory of that evening's triumph inflated me for many a long week. Even at this distance of time I can not help laughing at that recollection. I had something better than this that I might well have been proud of, as it was not so common as it is nowadays, thanks to the march of enlightenment. My father had commenced to give me some sort of rough education, and this was continued after his death. I had the good fortune to fall into able hands, my master, though poor, being a gentleman of refinement. He taught me much, for he was fond of me; but I learned more when I was an elderly man than when I was a boy, and in a strange school and place, as you will confess when you come to it. My mother had received no education; she could neither read nor write.

Now I take it that most boys brought up as I was carry with them to their graves some one or more remembrances of their early days, which quite often have nothing to do with the regular current of their lives, playing, indeed, no part in them. With respect to what I am about to recall, this is not the case with me; but it might have been. If you grown-up people who read these rough words of mine will turn your eyes back, as it might be, to the days when you hadn't begun to fight life's battle in real earnest, you will see some little circumstance standing out quite plainly by itself, like an island in a great sea. It may have nothing whatever to do with you or your life, affecting it neither for good nor for evil, so far as you are aware. But it rose, and there it stands, and shows itself at odd moments in some unaccountable way. Such a remembrance is mine; but the difference with me is that it gave a dark color to my life.

I could not have been more than six years of age when I found myself standing on the outskirts of a crowd of people gathered together in a street near that in which I lived. How I came there I do not know; but there I was, a spectator of the scene. It was a violent crowd, and loud and angry words were being used. The people were gathered about an open street door, and, from what I could understand with my childish mind, a family were being turned out of their house in consequence of owing some money which they were unable to pay. Their furniture had been seized and sold, and they were being bundled into the streets. The sympathies of the crowd were with them, as is invariably the case on such occasions, crowds being always composed of poor people; and oaths and threats were flung at the man to whom the money was owing, and who had in this way enforced his claim. I heard his name. It was Druce. Presently the crowd divided, and by some means I was in the centre of it, standing by the two men who played the principal parts. The face of one of these men was white and pinched and livid, as though with fear and malice; the face of the other was convulsed with passion, and blood was trickling down it. Instinctively, child as I was, I knew which was the wronged man, and which the wronger, and their faces became indelibly stamped upon my memory. The name of the wronger, also, would never have been forgotten by me, even if in after-days I had not cause to remember it. I ran home, in terror of it and him, and told the story to my mother with tears and sobs.

Mr. Druce was a money-lender in our neighborhood. When he died, his son inherited his business. The name was over his office, and I never saw it in my boyish days without its bringing before me the faces of two men, one white and livid, the other convulsed with bitter passion, and with the blood trickling down it, and I invariably hated the one and sympathized with the other.

Up to a certain period of my life I met this son but once. He was a man, and I was a man. Perhaps he was three or four years older than I was. I stood with my hand on our little wooden gate, and he came and stood before me. I had no idea who he was, never having seen him to know him. His shadow falling across my path caused me to look down upon him. I could do that; I was taller than he. A thin, inquisitive face was that face of his, with eyes that were bright, but had no softness in them. He could not have been ashamed of his face, for it was perfectly smooth and hairless. Mine, on the contrary, had plenty of hair upon it.



AMOS AND MR. DRUCE.

"Good-evening, neighbor," said he.

That was a claim to a kinship in friendliness.

"Good-evening," said I, scarcely looking at him.

"A fine evening," was his next observation.

It happened not to be a fine evening, and I remarked that he talked like a barber. He accepted my correction good-humoredly.

"Not being a sailor," said he, "I don't know the signs of the weather as well as you."

"You know when it rains, I suppose," I said, with a wave of my hand, for a slight mist was falling.

"Ah, yes, indeed," he replied, in a tone of surprise, looking up as though he were only now aware of the falling mist. "You have been a long time away."

I had been absent on a long voyage, and had been home but a few days. I nodded, "Yes, a long time," and would have left him, but that he seemed to have something more he wished to say.

"You have been to Africa, I hear?"

"Yes, to Africa, and other coasts."

"I've read," said he, "that gold is dug up there by the savages."

"That's so."

"And feathers, worth their weight in gold?"

"I don't know about their value. Feathers are got there."

"And pearls in other places, and coral?"

"That's so."

"And you've been to those places?"

"Ay."

His bright eyes that had no softness in them gleamed still more brightly and eagerly, but still it was in a hesitating tone—as though he were suspicious I should take advantage of him—that he continued his questioning: "Have you got any?" asked he.

"Any what?"

"Feathers and bits of coral and that like."

I laughed at him.

"I've enough to do," said I, "without bothering my head about such things. Besides, they're out of my reach."

"Out of your reach!" he repeated.

"Ay. It takes money to buy them."

He chuckled, and rubbed his hands. "And you've no money?"

"Not more than I know what to do with. Have you?"

At this question of mine he gave his body such a remarkable screw, that it appeared to me as though all in one moment he was buttoning himself up from top to toe.

"I've got a little," said he, with a slow twisting of his fingers, "and I'm fond of turning it over—turning it over."

"Well," said I, with another laugh, "turn it over."

"In trade, I mean. I'd like to buy some of them pearls and feathers and coral."

"Easily enough done if you're so flush of money. Go out there."

"I can't spare the time. Couldn't *you* bring home some?"

"I'll tell you what I could bring home."

"Yes, yes; what?"

"What do you say to a mermaid?"

"A mermaid!" he cried, excitedly. "It would do to exhibit. Can you get one?"

"A hundred, if you'll pay for them. They're as thick as sprats here and there in places."

He gave me a sour look, and turned it off to a laugh almost as sour.

"You sailor fellows like to have your joke. Look here now. I lend money, and am fond of a bargain. You're a bold, strong man. Get some of them pearls and feathers, or any thing foreign and curious, and bring them home to me, and I'll pay you handsomely for them."

"I tell you I've enough else to do. They don't come in my way." And I turned and opened the gate, for there was something in the man made me dislike him—something that seemed to say, "I'd buy your blood if I could make money out of it."

"Think it over," said he, detaining me.

"All right; I'll think it over. And that's all I will do," said I to myself.

"There's money in it, I tell you—money. You're not rich enough to turn your nose up at that. We'll talk about it again. I see you're in a hurry now. Good-evening, Mr. Beecroft."

He held out his hand.

"Good-evening, Mr.—"

"Druce," said he; "that's my name."

His hand lay in mine like a parcel of bones. I dropped it quickly, and spit into my palm, and rubbed it on my trowsers. He looked at me angrily, and I saw in his face, which had grown white and livid at my action, the likeness to that white and livid face which formed part of my childish remembrance. The face of the other man, too, the man who had been wronged, with the blood trickling down it, came before me again.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked.

"This," I answered, hotly; "that I want no more of your words or your company. I know you, Mr. Druce, and what stuff you're made of."

I am aware that it was most unreasonable in me to speak to him in this way. If his father had done a wrong, what kind of justice was it to make the son accountable for it? But the name and all that belonged to it were detestable to me, and what was in me was bound to come out.

He seemed as though he were about to speak passionately in reply, but he altered his mind, with a shrug of his shoulders. He walked away, and I was glad to be rid of him.

III.

YO, HEAVE, HO!

Well, then, I followed the sea, as it was my fate and my pleasure to do, and the usual experiences of a sailor's life were mine. It is not for me to say what kind of a man I grew into; for what man can rightly judge of himself? Say that I was no better and no worse than the usual run of sea-faring men, and that, without having much vice in me, I had nothing particularly good to recommend me, and perhaps you'll be somewhere near the mark. The truth is that, up to and beyond the time I am speaking of, my life hadn't commenced. While I was at sea my mother drew a portion of my pay regularly. She needed it, for my father had left her no provision—from no fault of his. There are millions of us who are compelled to live from hand to mouth, as the saying is. There are certain wiseacres in the world who fling our position in our faces, accusing us, in their blindness, of wild extravagance. I can't help but scorn and laugh at them for their selfish ignorance. They are generally comfortable persons these, and preach at poor people from stuffed arm-chairs.

What portion of my pay I could afford to allow my mother was not quite sufficient for her wants. She eked it out by earning some small sum herself—never mind in what way; sufficient that it was in an honest way.

Jack ashore, in the person of Amos Beecroft, was a home-bird, believe me. It was one of my great pleasures when I returned home from a voyage to walk from the docks to the little house of shells in Brixton, and to peep through the window at my mother, bustling about, making preparation for me, or, all preparation being made, and there being nothing else for her to do, to see her sitting in her chair, pretending to work, while all the while her heart was in her ears, as she listened for my step. I never told her the exact day I was coming, and indeed I never knew, for the elements baffle man's judgment; but what I mean is, if I had known, I should not have told her. It pleased me to give her a surprise—a surprise, mind you, that, living as she had done with sailors all the years of her life, was not a shock to her in any but a good way. Therefore, if, as I turned the corner of the street, I saw her standing at the little cottage-door, or by the little garden-gate, with her hand to her eyes looking out for me, I would dodge about, and wait till she was inside. I had no particular need to do that, for her sight was never very good, and years did not improve it; but she might have found me out, for love is a wonderful sharpener of the senses. When all was safe, I would walk gently to the house, and would look up above the little low window to see that there wasn't a shell missing in "Beecroft, Mariner," and would creep to the window and peep through. Then I would softly turn the handle of the door, and cry out in my heartiest tone, "Yo, heave, ho!" as was my father's custom before me when he returned home; and the next moment, or the same moment, or the moment before—for *I* never knew exactly how it came about—her arms would be round my neck, and she would be crying over me, while I, with something in my eyes, too, that made them dim, would fondle and pat her shoulder to soothe and calm the good old soul. It was a rare and sweet pleasure this, and many a time on the seas have I enjoyed it in anticipation, humming the words of the song my father used to sing:

> "The boatman calls, the wind is fair,
> The anchor heaving,
> Our sweethearts leaving;
> We to duty must repair
> Where our stations well we know.
> Cast off halliards from the cleats,
> Stand by well, clear all the sheets;
> Come, my boys,
> Your handspikes poise,
> And give one general huzza—
> Yet sighing as you pull away—
> For the tears ashore that flow;
> To the windlass let us go,
> With yo, heave, ho!"

The fashion for singing such-like sea-songs is dying out among sailors, and I am sorry for it.

It was a fancy of mine, out of kind memory of my father, always to bring home some new shells, and work them into new devices; but I was not so clever and handy with them as Beecroft, Mariner, was. Still I managed to lumber up the cottage until it looked like an old shell curiosity-shop.

"There'll be no room soon for me to turn round in," said my mother, with a happy look.

There was little enough room as it was, but I continued to bring home the shells, with an idea that the mother would look upon it as a sign of bad luck if I came home from a voyage empty-handed in respect to shells. I knew, also, that she had a deep tenderness for them, for her dead husband's sake. I've seen her crying over them, never letting her know that I observed her; and more than once I've caught her sitting quiet with a shell at her ear, as though she were listening to the voice of her drowned man who lay at the bottom of the Atlantic.

When I was a man full grown, having passed through thirty changes of the seasons, I came home—from India this time—and, peeping through the window of our cottage, I saw that my mother was not alone. A little girl was with her, seven or eight years old maybe, and my mother was talking to her, pointing with her finger, and nodding her head gently, after the fashion of elderly women when they are interested in what they are saying. The child sat, open-eyed and still, listening to the old woman's gossip. I doubted not that it was of me she was speaking, for when I gave out my lusty "Yo, heave, ho!" she started to her feet, crying, "And here he is!" and before we knew where we were, we were kissing and crying over each other. When she recovered herself a little, she turned to the child, and said, as she wiped her eyes,

"This is my son—my Amos!"

In just that kind of mother's voice which expresses as much as a flourish of trumpets which says, "Here comes the king." It is good so, and natural, doubtless; but what man among us deserves such love and goodness?

The little maid nodded, and stared at me solemnly. Whether she thought I was something more than a man, it is beyond me to say; but it was evident from her manner that she considered me an out-of-the-way specimen of human nature. I drew her to me, and she stood at my side with her hand in mine; a pretty little fairy she was, with her blue eyes and fair face and light auburn hair which hung in wavy curls to her shoulders. Her name was Mabel. She was the child of a neighbor, and between her and my mother quite a fond friendship had been struck up. The old mother lived all alone, and I was glad to think that she had obtained such a pretty little companion to spend an hour with now and again.

"I shall call you mother's fairy," said I, smoothing her hair.

Her eyes sparkled. "Have you seen any?"

"Fairies, my dear? No. But I've seen what's almost as good."

We soon became friends, and I did not quarrel with the little maid because she was inclined to place a higher value upon me than such a common fellow as I deserved. It was not her fault; she looked at me through my mother's spectacles, which the old woman had placed on her eyes. It did neither of us any great harm. She, child-like, was very curious about the shells, regarding them as the most precious possessions; and I told her a great deal about them, and about the coasts on which they were gathered, never suspecting until now that I had so much to tell worth listening to. I would pause sometimes, doubtful whether it *was* worth listening to, but she invariably wound me up again by crying, softly and eagerly, "Go on; go on!" and on I would go, as well pleased as she was herself. If I told her things about the shells which were new and interesting to her, she, in her turn, filled me with wonder with her simple remarks, which she let fall unconsciously, as the diamond drops of dew fall from the clouds. She, a child who had never seen the shores on which these shells were gathered, who heard of them now for the first time, caused me to look upon them with a different eye. Beauty came into them which I had never yet beheld or comprehended. The hard duties of life had caused me to forget what my father used to say about the shells having different voices. Now it all came back to me, nevermore to be forgotten, never, nevermore! If I die in a bed, I shall hear the shells whispering to me from my pillow; and if one is placed at my ear— Well, then I may hear voices I never heard before.

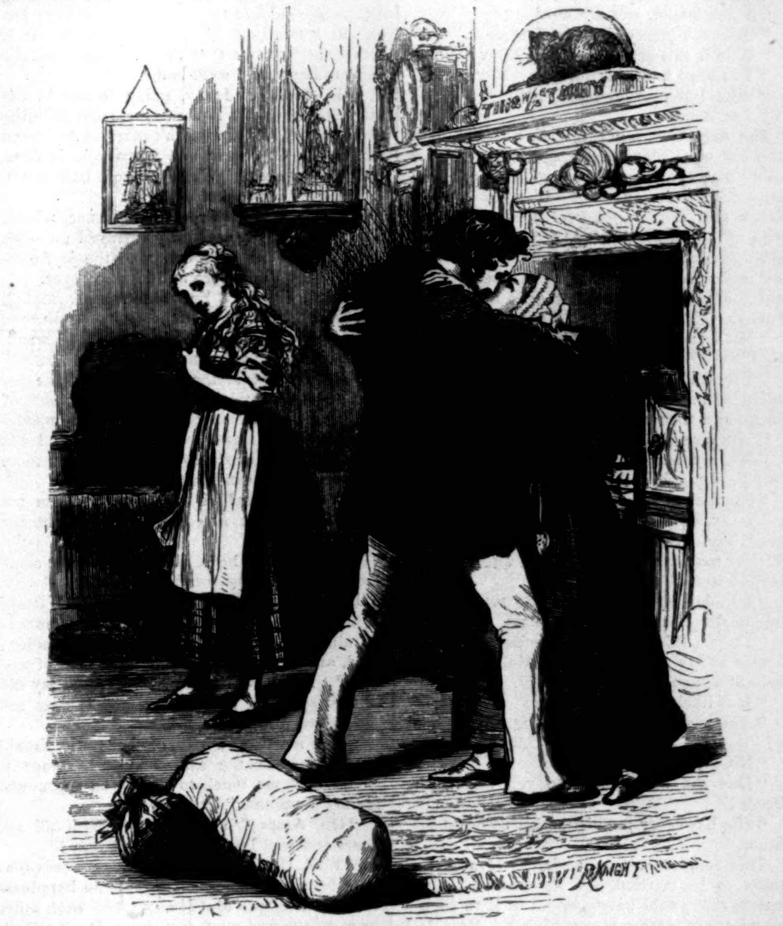
I repeated my father's words to Mabel, the child.

"Listen, my little maid. Here is a storm brewing. Shut your eyes, and you will see it as well as hear it. You can distinguish nothing in the skies—not a star to light the night; hoarse voices are all around you, and dark shadows of men are working against the storm, with their heads pressed close to their breasts, so that their faces shall not be whipped to pieces by the wind and rain. And now the ship is lying in still blue water; it is calm, and you can hear only the soft lapping of the sails, and the sailors singing under their breaths as they sit about the deck mending the torn canvas. And here in this shell is a mermaid's song, which not every body can understand."

Mabel drank in every word, and declared, as years ago I had done before her, that she could hear and understand every thing I described. And so that holiday at home passed more happily than any that had gone before it.

At sea again, I thought much of her and of her fairy ways, which were a new and delightful experience in my rough life. On my return, I found her as before in my mother's cottage, and I made a kind of castle with the shells, with windows and turrets in it, and a place inside for candles; and if I had not already won her heart, I won it on the presentation of this toy. But a child's heart is not hard to win.

So the years went by, and I reached the age of forty. I had been on my longest voyage, and had gone through some dangers unnecessary here to relate, and it was with more than ordinary satisfaction that I walked with a light step to the cottage of Beecroft, Mariner. My heart glowed as I drew near to the old familiar spot, noting little signs by the way which, insignificant though they might be, were to me endearing landmarks. Here was the old fruit-woman sitting huddled up as I had left her three years ago—no, not three years, it must have been yesterday. Here was the blind beggarman leaning against the wall as he had done yesterday, holding out his hand, and sighing in his low, sing-song voice, "Pity the poor blind!" Surely they must understand each other these two, the wall and the man! Nothing was changed; not even my old mother, who pressed me once more to her faithful heart, with tears and words of joy.



"WHO PRESSED ME ONCE MORE TO HER FAITHFUL HEART, WITH TEARS AND WORDS OF JOY."

"And Mabel?" I asked. "My little maid!"

My mother looked with a smile across my shoulder, and I turned and saw her. But it seemed to me that I was gazing on a fairy vision in a cloud, and for a moment or two I was spell-bound. Was this fair and beautiful creature the Mabel I had left behind? Was this lovely vision my little maid? Yes, it was she, and no vision that would vanish at a good rub of the eyes. She came toward me with smiles and outstretched hands. I took them and held them in mine, and we stood gazing at each other, I in wonder, she with smiles upon her face. Hitherto I had always kissed her, and she had kissed me, but either my wonder, or the new light in which she appeared to me now, caused me to hold back. And after the first moment or two, the opportunity was gone. I can't tell you how badly I felt over it. Something sweet seemed to have gone out of my life, leaving behind an aching feeling in my breast. She did not appear to feel as I felt, for she was full of eager words, while mine came slowly and awkwardly. Perhaps to all but myself the change was natural, meeting now, as we did, as man and woman; but to me it was an unexpected and uncomfortable experience. Mabel could not stay with us long, having home duties to attend to.

"I saw you coming down the street," she said, "and I threw on my hat, and ran after you to shake hands with you."

"That was good of you, Mabel," said I.

"Good!" she exclaimed. "See what a time you have been away—so long, so long! I have been looking every day for your return."

"And if I had never come back, Mabel?"

The first answer she gave me was a reproachful look. Then she said, "There are some things we should not speak lightly of. Death is one."

"A sailor looks it in the face very often, Mabel, and grows to think more lightly of it than land-folk. You have really missed me, then?"

"Indeed I have."

"And thought of me?"

"Indeed I have. And spoken to you, and seen you."

"Why, Mabel!" I cried, in surprise, not understanding her.

Her hand was lying lightly on my arm, for these words were interchanged between us as I walked with her to the end of our street.

"You forget," she said, "that the shells you gave me have voices, and that when you put them to your ears and shut your eyes, you can see and hear things."

"Ah, that's like my little Mabel, like my little maid that I have always loved. Look at me, Mabel. Am I changed?"

"Not a bit. I should have known you anywhere. Am I?"

She put the question laughingly, and with the prettiest little toss of her beautiful head. I gazed at her in fullest admiration.

"It's well I met you here instead of in foreign lands; for then I should have wondered, 'Can this be the little Mabel I left behind me?' I should have doubted until you spoke to me. For your voice is not altered."

"Nor my heart," she said, softly.

A sweet and sudden joy stirred within me at these simple words. In the endeavor to set down my feelings here, I am not sure that I shall succeed in making myself understood, especially when I remember that Mabel was a girl of seventeen, and I a man of forty. I had never given much thought to women; I had been satisfied with my old mother's love, and for the last ten years with the love of a child. They were enough for my thoughts to turn to during my voyages, and they formed, as it might be, a star which shone brightly for me during the darkest night and through the fiercest storm. But now that I came home, and, without forewarning or thought of it, found in the place of the child a woman, with all a woman's soul shining out of her eyes, and proclaiming itself—at least to my fancy—in every graceful action of her beautiful form—now it was different, and it opened new channels for my thoughts to wander in. Why, when I caressed the child Mabel, and played with her fingers, I had no other idea but that we two were good friends, and would forever remain so, she always a child, and I a rough man. Now the pressure of her soft fingers remained upon my hand for hours, the light of her beautiful eyes was ever before me, the sound of her sweet voice lingered in my ears like the faint music of a harp which needs but the whisper of a summer's breeze to awaken its sweetest melody. How often during my next two voyages these new impressions came upon me I can not say. Indeed, I could not, if I would, set down the music of the new world, of the strangely sweet dream in which I was now living. Mabel was with me always. Her voice, her eyes, the pressure of her hand, a hundred little tricks of expression, all came before me in their turn, and they touched every thing with a beauty to which I had hitherto been blind. Up to this time my life had been without color, happy enough in its way, but with no special brightness in it. Now heaven opened itself to me, and I saw all things, even the commonest, in a purer light. It was like a sunrise to my soul.

IV.

MABEL AGREES TO BECOME A SAILOR'S WIFE.

IT wants but six weeks to Christmas, and the weather is cold and cheerless. I expect to have a long stay at home this time—to spend Christmas there, in fact. To-morrow I am to take tea with Mabel and her mother. Mabel's mother is a widow, as mine is. Strange to say, I have never seen her, and have never entered her house.

* * * * * *

The day has come and gone, and I am sitting by a winter's fire, talking by fits and starts to my old mother about one thing and another. It all comes back to me as clear as the noonday sun. The years that have passed since then and now melt away, as though they have never been.

Not an hour ago I left Mabel's house, and I am gazing now at her blue eyes and fair face, which appear before me in the fire's glow. I have been talking a great deal during the night to Mabel and her mother, relating what stories of the sea within my own experience I deemed would be most interesting to them. Mabel's mother and I have shaken hands for the first time. She is fair, like her daughter, and her eyes are blue; but not that beautiful blue which makes Mabel's so charming. Her behavior to me has set me thinking.

When I entered her house, her cold hand greeted me in a fairly cordial manner; but I noticed even then that although her lips smiled, her eyes did not. When Mabel smiles, her eyes light up; there is no soul in a smile when the eye plays no part in it. Upon my leaving Mabel's house, her mother's hand lay dead in my palm, and did not return the pressure of mine.

How I hate those dead, limp, cold hands! Beware of those who have them, and use them according to their nature! They are devoid of nobleness, of generosity. I have felt one or two such hands in my lifetime, but never one so cold and dead as that of Mabel's mother.

Her husband had been a small builder, and when he died, had left barely enough for the support of herself and Mabel. So much I learned before I went to her house.

Now what has set my thoughts wandering as I look into the fire? Her cold hand which lay dead in my palm? No, not that alone. What else, then, in connection with that? A simple thing—a passing expression on her face, that was there but a moment, and then was gone.

In this way: We have had tea, and the tea-things are cleared. I am talking and talking, and Mabel and her mother are listening. I, full of my theme, am maundering away on some startling experience—startling to them, I mean—and Mabel's eyes are fixed on my face, and my eyes are fixed on hers, when an unusual stillness arouses me from my dream.

For I am dreaming. The magnetic influence of a presence that I love has cast a spell over me, and has made me unconscious of every thing else about me. For the matter of that, Mabel and I might be alone in the world. An unusual stillness, I say, and it is what I mean; for, although before I receive this new impression the sound of my own voice is the only sound to be heard in the room, and although no person but myself has spoken for many minutes, the new silence is different from the old. There are thoughts that move like living things within you, and here are some working their spell upon me. And under their influence, my eyes wander from Mabel's face to meet her mother's.

Well, I see a frown there, that is all; but a frown that tells a story I can not read as yet. I am striving to spell out that story now.

It was not a shadow from the fire falling on her face, and distorting the lines there, or playing on it to its disadvantage; it was a frown like a black cloud. And when I bid her good-night, her hand lies cold and dead in mine. And Mabel's good-night? It is as kind and warm as ever it was; and she does not see that my mind is troubled, being, mayhap, unconscious of the cause.

I come home, where I am surrounded by the shells that a dead man gathered when life was strong within him. I gaze into the fire, and I see Mabel's face; I gaze upon the shells, and